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"THE BLACK ROBE." BY WILKIE COLLINS.

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BEFORE THE STORY.

FIRST SCENE. BOULOGNE-SUR-MER—THE DUEL.

I
THE doctors could do no more for the Dowager Lady Berrick.

When the medical advisers of the lady, who has reached seventy years of age, recommend the mild climate of the South of France, they mean in plain language that they have arrived at the end of their resources. Her ladyship gave the mild climate a fair trial, and then decided (as she herself expressed it) to "die at home." Traveling slowly, she had reached Paris at the date when I last heard of her. It was then the beginning of November. A week later, I met with her nephew, Lewis Romaine, at the club.

"What brings you to London at this time of year?" I asked.

"The fatality that pursues me," he answered, grimly. "I am one of the unluckiest men living!"

He was thirty years old; he was not mar-

ried; he was the enviable possessor of the fine old country seat, called Vange Abbey; he had no poor relations, and he was one of the handsomest men in England. When I add that I am, myself, a retired army officer, with a wretched income, a disagreeable wife, four ugly children, and a burden of fifty years on my back, no one will be surprised to hear that I answered Romaine, with bitter sincerity, in these words:

"I wish to heaven I could change places with you!"

"I wish to heaven you could!" he burst out, with equal sincerity, on his side. "Read that."

He handed me a letter addressed to him by the traveling medical attendant of Lady Berrick. After resting in Paris, the patient had continued her homeward journey as far as Boulogne. In her suffering condition, she was liable to sudden fits of caprice. An insupportable horror of the Channel passage had got possession of her; she positively refused to be taken on board the steamboat. In this

difficulty, the lady who occupied the post of her "companion" had ventured on a suggestion. Would Lady Berrick consent to make the Channel passage, if her nephew came to Boulogne expressly to accompany her on the voyage? The reply had been so immediately favorable that the doctor lost no time in communicating with Mr. Lewis Romaine. This was the substance of the letter.

It was needless to ask any more questions. Romaine was plainly on his way to Boulogne. I gave him some useful information.

"Try the oysters," I said, "at the restaurant on the pier."

He never even thanked me. He was thinking entirely of himself.

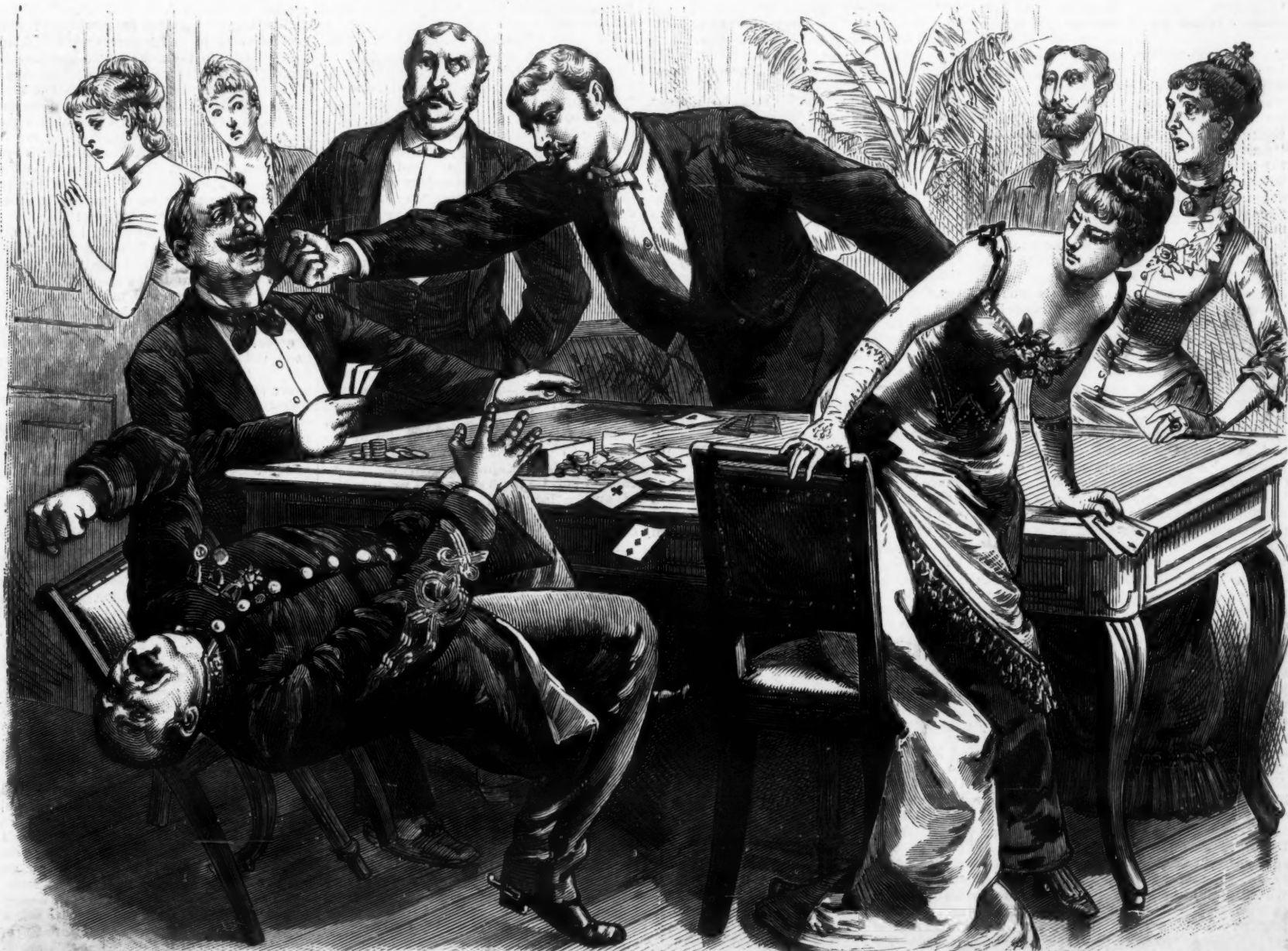
"Just look at my position," he said. "I detest Boulogne; I cordially share my aunt's horror of the Channel passage; I had looked forward to some months of happy retirement in the country among my books; and what happens to me? I am brought to London in the season of fogs, to travel by the tidal train at seven to-morrow morning—and all for a

woman with whom I have no sympathies in common. If I am not an unlucky man, who is?"

He spoke in a tone of vehement irritation which seemed to me, under the circumstances, to be simply absurd. But my nervous system is not the irritable system—sorely tried by night study and strong tea—of my friend Romaine. "It's only a matter of two days," I remarked, by way of reconciling him to his situation.

"How do I know that?" he retorted. "In two days the weather may be stormy. In two days she may be too ill to be moved. Unfortunately, I am her heir; and I am told I must submit to any whim that seizes her. I'm rich enough already; I don't want her money. Besides, I dislike all traveling—and especially traveling alone. You are an idle man. If you were a good friend, you would offer to go with me." He added, with the delicacy which was one of the redeeming points in his wayward character, "Of course, as my guest."

(Continued on page 102.)



"THE BLACK ROBE."—SCENE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM AT BOULOGNE—ROMAINE KNOCKING DOWN THE GENERAL AT THE CARD TABLE.

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NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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New York, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

L. W. ENGLAND, Assignee.

THE REPUBLICAN HANDICAP.

IN some recent comments on the drift of the present political canvass and the uncertain issue of the contest, we expressed the opinion that each of the competing parties has some heavy weights to throw off, if it would make sure of the prize. Since only one of the parties can win the prize, and since they now seem, in sportsman's phrase, to be running "neck and neck," it has occurred to us that it might be instructive to review very briefly the nature and shape of the weights with which they are each handicapped in the race set before them.

We are the more encouraged to make this review because we discover that it is beginning to dawn on the senses of even the partisan press that, as the New York Times phrases it, "the considerations at present involved in our politics are somewhat mixed and affect different minds differently." Inasmuch that "waverers and doubters" are not found merely among the "thoughtless and the sordid," but are perhaps most numerous "among men who think," and who think with candor and earnestness, as becomes those who address themselves to a difficult question of duty.

As first in position and first in the order of a triumphant career, covering the last twenty years, we naturally begin with the Republican Party. "Pointing," as it does, "with pride" to a long array of splendid achievements in our civil and military history, it is also called, by the length of its "record," to confront the manifold sins of omission and of commission which have dimmed the lustre of its name, and which nearly threatened it with eclipse at the last Presidential election. This waning prestige, in itself a source of weakness, was complicated at that epoch with charges against the integrity and fairness of the "electoral count" by which the party secured a new lease of power, and these charges, in turn, have added to the other historical burdens which are to be borne in the present contest. So eminent a man as the Hon. Charles Francis Adams has assigned this "scandal" as his sole reason for opposing the candidature of General Garfield, notwithstanding the contemporaneous scandal of the "cipher telegram," which has weakened its moral effect in the eyes of most people.

But much the gravest obstacle to the Republican Party's success in the pending Presidential contest is the sectional battle-flag which it has waved in the fore-front of its legions. The nation longs for reconciliation between the late belligerent sections of a reunited country, and without shutting its eyes to the alleged plague-spots which still rest on the South, it sees clearly enough that they will be aggravated rather than healed by turning the wounds of war into the running sores of politics. It would have been wise if the Republican leaders had accepted the nomination of General Hancock by the Democrats as an end of strife on the score of the rebellion, and as an homage paid to Republican primacy in defending the Union and in reaping the legitimate fruits of the war under an amended Constitution. But, instead of moving forward to this high vantage ground, the managers of the canvass have preferred to burrow in the mud and mire of the dead past—evoking memories which are repulsive to the people, and so disaffecting them for the patient consideration of real and living defects in the social and political system of the South. When Republican journals like the New York Evening Post protests against "the cold-blooded sectionalism" of Mr. Conkling's recent argument, as being "ill-judged, illogical and malicious," and when an independent supporter of General Garfield, such as the New York Nation, makes bold to say that if the Republican Party should "father" Mr. Conkling's doctrine, "it will insure itself as deep and swift damnation as overtook the Federal Party for sins much less grievous," it is surely time to call a halt along the whole line of the present Republican movement. We say "the whole line of the movement" as now directed by the managers of the Republican Party; for the reader who turns to pages 170 and 171 of the "Republican Campaign Text-Book" will there

learn that Mr. Conkling was merely speaking from the brief prepared by those managers for the use of the Republican Press and the Republican hustings throughout the whole land. His doctrine is already "fathered" by the party as now led and now directed.

The exploded doctrine of Protection is another weight that hangs on the flanks of the Republicans. It does not hang as heavily as it might, because the Democrats in Pennsylvania and New Jersey and elsewhere dispute with Republicans their exclusive right to play the part of Issachar, crouching between his burdens. But the drift of opinion in the two parties is clear. The Republicans, as a party, cling to "protection for protection's sake." The Democrats, as a party, tend to such a revision of the tariff "as shall make it purely and solely a tariff for revenue." On a motion couched in these terms, introduced in the House of Representatives on the 1st of December, 1877, and instructing the Committee on Ways and Means to undertake such a revision, the vote stood: yeas, 67; nays, 76. Of the 67 yeas, 60 were Democrats and only 7 Republicans. Of the 76 nays, 54 were Republicans and only 12 were Democrats.

In the matter of the currency issue, it is a great hindrance to the Republican cause that its managers should wish to profit by their weakness as well as their strength. As the begetters and foster-parents of the greenback, the Republicans are weak. As the authors and patrons of specie resumption, they are comparatively strong. But nearly the whole of Chapter XVII. in the "Republican Campaign Text-Book," the official manual of the party in its present canvass, is devoted to the glorification of the greenback; and the Republican Party is commended to popular favor as its "Father, Friend and Guardian," while the Democrats are held up to public opprobrium as its bitter and relentless "enemies." Surely the political managers who play fast and loose in this wise are betraying the Republican cause in its stronghold.

The partiality of the Federal election laws, as at present upheld and administered, afford a just ground of complaint against the Republican Party. Two wrongs do not make a right, and however indefensible may have been the Democratic attitude on this question, there will remain in many minds a strong repulsion against the control of elections by marshals selected from the Republican Party alone. If the conditions of things were reversed, this repugnance would be as strong in Republican as in Democratic bosoms. And even as it is, the Democrats are able to cite the language of General Garfield himself against the justice of a law which "has been used, or is capable of being used, to fill election precincts with men of one party, whose time may be employed at the public expense for party electioneering purposes."

The alleged preference of the Republican Party for a "strong Federal Government" may weigh in some minds against the candidature of General Garfield. It is well said by Judge Cooley, in his comments on the Constitution, that "the gradual energizing of Federal authority has been accomplished quite as much by the course of public events as by the new amendments to the Constitution"; and it cannot be doubted that the Republican Party is mainly responsible for this "gradual energizing" of the Federal prerogatives. But it seems to us that the course of the party in this direction, so far as it was dangerous, has been arrested by the constitutionally scrupulous administration of President Hayes.

It is a great source of weakness to the managers of the Republican canvass that they have depended so much on simulated terrors and panic cries. The outcry raised against "rebel claims" is a case in point. This clamor has never frightened the intelligent voter, and the folly of it has been enhanced by the consideration that it was liable to be alluded at any moment by a word from General Hancock. That word has come in the shape of a letter which puts an end to this species of propagandism; and, embarrassing though it be to change the line of battle in the presence of the enemy, it may be doubted whether the spiking of this gun by General Hancock would not prove advantageous to the Republicans if it should drive them to the use of genuine weapons. It would certainly be advantageous to the dignity and sincerity of American politics.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

AMONG the subjects which have engaged the attention of the Pan-Presbyterian Council in Philadelphia is that of the relation between science and theology—a subject which has acquired special importance from the assaults of latter-day Agnostics upon the elemental statements of modern theology. The papers submitted to the council were from some of the most distinguished scholars of the Presbyterian communion, and they were simply conclusive as to all the essential points involved. They only confirmed in their searching logic the truth, accepted by all

reverent minds, that there can never be any real conflict between religion and science—meaning by religion our knowledge of the Author and Ruler of the universe, and by science our knowledge of the laws of matter. There is as much possibility of a "conflict" between a granite ledge and the light of far-off Arcturus. A battle implies that the contestants stand near enough together so that their weapons can cross the intervening territory. In the relations between religion and science this condition is wanting. Lord Rosse tells us that with his great telescope he looked into space a distance so tremendous that light, which travels at the rate of 200,000 miles in one second, would require 250,000,000 years to pass the stellar gulf. Science and religion are further apart than that. For they deal with different things, from different points of view, for different objects, in different ways. One deals with that which is apprehended only by the senses; the other with that which is cognizable to that higher sight called Faith. One treats of phenomena which the physical eye can reach; the other of phenomena detected only by the clarified vision of the soul. The religionist and the mere scientist may, indeed, indulge in verbal controversy as to the superiority of sense and sight, but there can never be any excuse for real conflict.

The fact should by this time be well understood by the Church that the Darwin-Wallace theory of natural selection—the theory that all organic life has been evolved from lower forms—is entirely consistent with a great First Cause. The introduction of varieties through secondary causes does not touch the question of ultimate origin. After Darwin and Huxley have evolved all they can, after they have analyzed the whole struggle for existence and made a map of the survival of the fittest and reduced all known and knowable biology to a diagram, they are still as much in the dark as ever. If they could demonstrate that the Anglo-Saxon came from an Asian, the Asian from an African, the African from an ape, the lemur from a kangaroo, the kangaroo from a woodchuck, the woodchuck from a bull-frog, the tadpole from an oyster, and the oyster from a trilobite, the problem is still just as far from solution as ever. For the tranquil trilobite leans against a silurian bullrush and defies the evolutionists. He laughs at the search for his ancestors. He declines to be deduced from anything. The primordial germ—that is the Sphinx that sits upon the sands of eternity early and late, and Science has no *Edipus* for that. It is the essential miracle which nothing short of the proof of spontaneous generation can solve, and even then the marvelous matrix would have to be accounted for. The microscopist has no lens that will reach this germ, the chemist no reagent that will resolve it. The outreaching fingers of infallible law are around it and before it; behind it is an unfathomable shadow where the eye of faith sees the outlines of a Creator. Astronomy may yet succeed in proving that the solar system was once a globe of incandescent gas, and that the planets resulted from secondary spheres of fire flung off from its periphery and condensed through millions of years of cooling, and, perhaps, compel the inference that the whole universe of systems had a similar centrifugal development; but evolution is not origin, and still the question arises again, "Where did the primary globe of gas come from, and what started it in motion?"

Science cannot answer this question. With the cause of causes Science is modest enough not to deal. Scientific men speculate for the purpose of bringing the imagination to the aid of reason, but they should never dogmatize beyond their eyes, and never put their foot into the realm of the infinite. That is the province of Faith. It is time that intelligent men ceased to cherish puerile fears about the permanence of everlasting pillars. Of two things we may be certain, that no scientific apparatus can take cognizance of the infinite, and that God has never written anything that contradicts the records of creation in field and sky and sea, and in the marvelous life of man.

THE RECORD OF REPUDIATION.

THERE are three States at present in which schemes of repudiating State obligations are being considered by the people. Arkansas has just voted upon the question of refusing to pay either interest or principal of its debt; Virginia is the scene of a struggle between "Adjusters and Debt-payers," and Tennessee is involved in an unlimited number of lawsuits, in which its liability on railroad bonds is brought into question. The record of State debts repudiated is not a flattering one certainly, and its influence is plainly in the direction of destroying both State and individual credit everywhere throughout the country. The list of repudiating States numbers twelve in all.

Alabama, in 1876, repudiated two-thirds of its debt, amounting to \$20,000,000, and cut down its interest on the remainder about

one-half. No reasonable excuse has yet been made for this heroic action. In Arkansas the Legislature repudiated nearly \$12,000,000 of bonds, issued principally on account of the construction of railroads. The plea for this was that the debt had been created by "alien adventurers." The Supreme Court of the State, in 1878, declared that certain bonds, of the State issued in 1869 and 1870, and amounting to over \$2,000,000, were invalid, owing to certain constitutional provisions not having been complied with when the debt was created. The "unrecognized debt" of the State, including unpaid interest, amounts to \$19,000,000, and the creditors of the State have offered to surrender four-fifths of their claims if the other fifth should be secured to them. The proposition was not accepted, and the amendment just voted upon by the people of the State was passed by the Legislature. It provided that no tax shall be levied, and no appropriation be made, to pay either interest or principal of nearly all the bonds outstanding. It is gratifying to know that the people have rejected that repudiation proposition.

Florida has sponged out \$4,000,000 of its indebtedness, comprising a loan to the railroads of the State, by virtue of a decision of the State Supreme Court to the effect that it was not an obligation binding upon the State. Georgia, by an Act of the Legislature in 1877, repudiated \$8,000,000 bonds issued on account of railroads, which, with accrued interest, makes an aggregate of nearly \$12,000,000 lost to the creditors of that State. Louisiana has been prolific in repudiation schemes. In 1874 the debt was funded at 60 per cent., netting the State a profit of about \$8,000,000. In addition, nearly \$6,000,000 of bonds and overdue interest have been repudiated. A Constitutional Convention was held in June, 1879, at which it was proposed to declare the entire debt, with the exception of about \$4,000,000, invalid. This proposition was defeated, but a resolution was adopted to scale the interest to three and four per cent. It cannot be denied, on the one hand, that Louisiana was made the victim of great frauds in connection with the contraction of its debt, nor, on the other hand, that it has violated in an inexcusable manner its pledged faith. As an instance of the former, it has been shown that all the benefit received for \$2,500,000 bonds issued by the State to one railroad was in the shape of a basket of champagne valued at thirty-two dollars, and two spades worth two dollars.

Minnesota stands pre-eminently the worst among repudiating States. It received six million acres of land from the United States Government to aid the construction of railroads. It issued \$2,275,000 bonds to the railroads, and, upon the default of the latter, bought them in under foreclosure and acquired title to their franchise and to one hundred and forty miles of completed road, as well as regaining its Congressional land grant. In 1860, by an Act adopted by the people, the entire issue of bonds was repudiated, and every effort since that time to induce the State to recognize its obligations has been defeated. Mississippi, in 1842, repudiated its issue of \$7,000,000 bonds, and no interest has been paid on it since 1840. The courts have frequently declared the bonds valid, but the State has steadily refused to pay them. Missouri has refused to pay \$3,000,000 bonds issued on account of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad.

North Carolina enacted, in February, 1879, a funding law under which the debt was reduced to forty, twenty-five, and fifteen per cent. of its face value, about \$12,000,000 being thus wiped out. There were also nearly \$11,500,000 bonds entirely repudiated, and overdue interest amounting to nearly \$20,000,000 more. South Carolina, in 1873, refunded its debt at fifty per cent. and made over \$6,500,000 by the operation. About \$6,000,000 in addition were repudiated, part of the debt included in that amount being declared invalid by the courts. In 1878, the State Court of Claims declared \$2,600,000 of consolidated bonds invalid.

Tennessee stands in the list of repudiating States, as it has refused to pay interest on its debt since 1876. Its indebtedness is about \$24,000,000, and several attempts have been made to repudiate a large portion of it. An Act was passed by the Legislature to fund the debt at fifty per cent., but it was defeated by a vote of the people, many who voted against it being in favor of open repudiation of nearly all the debt. Tennessee has less excuse for refusing to meet its obligations than any of the other States. Its debt was, in the main, honestly contracted, and in nearly every case it received dollar for dollar to the full amount of the liabilities assumed.

Virginia is now, and for two years past has been, the scene of a bitter fight for and against the maintaining of the State's honor. In March, 1879, a Bill was passed reducing the rate of interest on the debt from six per cent. to four per cent., while one-half of the overdue interest was repudiated, the reduction amounting to nearly \$2,000,000. During the present year a Bill was passed by the State Legislature to repudiate one-half of the debt, but this measure was vetoed by the Governor and failed

to become a law. The people in the State are now divided upon the question of "forcibly adjusting" the debt, or, in other words, repudiating it. In this fight political lines have been lost sight of, and neither of the great political parties has any particular interest in the issue.

This *résumé* of State repudiation is quite sufficient to illustrate the fact that State honor is not always a safe guarantee of the payment of a State's obligations. The question whether a method should not be adopted for forcing States to pay their debts is one now being carefully considered. As a step towards its solution, some of the States—notably New Hampshire and New York—have been enacting laws permitting their citizens to assign to them claims which they have against other States, for the purpose of enabling the States to bring suit thereon. The efficacy and wisdom of this method remain yet to be determined.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE King of France who marched his army up the hill merely to march them down again was never in a more ludicrous position than the allied fleet is at the present moment at Ragusa. When the Great Powers of Europe resolved to make a naval demonstration along the Albanian coast, and thus terrify Turkey into compliance with the articles of the Berlin Treaty, it was taken for granted that Turkey would at once yield. The Sultan is a weak, irresolute man, liable to be easily impressed and easily led; but in the present crisis he has proved that he is also very obstinate. He is also very strong in the weakness of the position of the Great Powers. The admirals in command of the fleet have orders not to land men, and it is more than suspected that the French admiral has orders not to commit any act of hostility. It is said that the President of the French Republic has no power to declare war, and that the Chambers alone can do so. The other admirals are more or less under strict orders from their home Governments, and England and Russia are probably the only Powers ready to take any open step of attack. The Albanians, on the other hand, are firm. They are a military people, inhabiting a mountainous country, where it would be almost impossible to attack them with any hope of success. They are resolved to defend their little port of Dulcigno to the last, and the Montenegrins, to whom it was ceded by the Treaty of Berlin, are either unwilling or unable to advance upon it. Riza Pasha, the Turkish commander, is either in sympathy with the Albanians, or else assisting them, and they are aware that no pressure will be brought to bear upon them by the Porte. A detachment of Montenegrins might be taken on board the fleet and landed at Dulcigno under protection of the guns of the men-of-war; but such an act would probably be too aggressive for the present policy of the Great Powers. So it happens that after a great deal of bluster, the allied fleet has returned to Gravosa, the port of Ragusa, there to await further developments. Some talk has been free as to a naval demonstration in the Bosphorus before Constantinople; but it is extremely unlikely that any such foolish attempt will be made. The latest indications are that the Sultan may ultimately yield, if he cannot find some avenue of escape by dalliance and delay.

The important position that Italy has taken in the naval demonstration has directed some attention to the maritime power of that country. Since the days when Christopher Columbus had to seek Spanish aid in his enterprise, Italy has been almost a cipher upon the seas, and she has quietly made enormous strides, and her ironclad fleet is now one of the finest that sails the waters of the ocean. The Italians have not very much money to spend upon their fleet, but they are shrewd and know how to make a little go a long way. They saw that England and France were yearly increasing the power of their guns and the thickness of the armor-plating on their ships. Italy could not afford, with her small fleet and small revenue put aside for naval purposes, to keep pace with this advance. But she could build ships in advance of the time, and she consequently went to work and produced the famous *Duilio* and *Dandolo*, either of which could send the most powerful of the English or French ironclads to the bottom. Not content with them, she has recently launched the *Italia*, a monster ironclad of 14,000 tons, covered throughout with armor of three feet in thickness; and a companion ship, to be called the *Lepanto*, is on the stocks. These two ships are the most powerful men-of-war which have ever been constructed.

The state of affairs in Ireland is most deplorable. From the parts of the country where the agitators have been at work come daily accounts of agrarian outrages of the most brutal description. Ruffianism is rampant, and the agents of the secret societies are traveling about inciting the people to murder and idleness. The murderers skulk behind hedges and fire on the unsuspecting victims as they pass by. The last and most cowardly murder was that of Lord Mountmorres, at Rusheen, in the County of Galway. His Lordship, who is of common stock with the French Montmorencies, was shot while returning from the neighboring town of Clonbur, where he had attended a meeting of magistrates. The body was almost riddled with bullets. One bullet had penetrated the head, three were lodged in the neck and two others in the body. The cause of this outrage was of course a difficulty between landlord and tenant. Not only have these outrages alarmed the landlord class, but employers generally are becoming frightened, and the "patriots," as they most improperly call themselves, are

driving from the Emerald Isle the very things which are most needed there—capital and enterprise.

In France the new Ministry is quietly going to work to carry out the anti-religious decrees. Gambetta has gone to Switzerland, and Constans, the Minister of the Interior and Worship, under whose direction the expulsion is taking place, has gone for a while to the country. He has resolved to leave to the Tribunal of Conflicts, which meets in November, the question whether the expulsion of the Jesuits is altogether a matter pertaining to the Executive, or whether the courts can listen to appeals. The first Orders which will be broken up are those which, like the Passionist Fathers, are not recognized by the Vatican. Then it will be the turn of Orders composed for the most part of foreigners. After that, all bodies not coming under either of these categories will be called upon to obey the law.

The latest literary novelty in France is Alexander Dumas's political pamphlet, entitled, "Les Femmes qui votent et les femmes qui tuent," or "The Women who Vote and the Women who Kill," the latter being a reference to the numerous cases which have recently occurred in France. Paris is fast filling up again, and the fashionables are returning to town after the Summer season at the seaside or in the mountains. The races at Longchamps were well attended, and Henri Rochefort was a prominent figure as he went round renewing his acquaintance with the various book-makers. Gounod has written a new opera which will shortly be produced. It is called "La Tribut de Zamorra," and is founded upon an incident during the Moorish occupation of Spain. The libretto is said to be very good, but although there has been a private trial at the Grand Opera, where Gounod himself sang and played, it is impossible to form any idea of the musical ability of the work.

It looks as if the Republicans of Ohio have been counting too confidently on their ability to carry the State in next week's election without any serious effort. The Democrats have been quietly but earnestly at work for some weeks past, and so far as can be judged from surface indications, they are in better shape than their opponents for the final and decisive grapple. Should the Republicans lose the State, or carry it by only a meagre majority, General Garfield might as well abandon all hope of occupying the White House.

EIGHT years ago, Senator Hendricks of Indiana, in a speech at a Democratic meeting, said: "General Butler is coming over here, and you must look out for your spoons." The General has now "gone over" to Indiana and the Democrats, and is speaking from the same platform with Mr. Hendricks. Of course, the latter must have put his spoons in a safe place, but, as a contemporary suggests, the meeting of these distinguished gentlemen must afford to students of human nature a rare opportunity to observe the usefulness of self-control.

RAILROAD enterprise seems likely to invade Mexico in earnest. A company recently organized in Boston proposes to build a road from the City of Mexico to El Paso, Texas, a distance of 1,200 miles, of which more than 200 miles have been surveyed, and a small portion from the City of Mexico graded. The intention of the projectors is to make a connection with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé road, which is now completed to Albuquerque, New Mexico, and, jointly with the St. Louis and San Francisco Company, is rapidly constructing a road to the Pacific Coast.

The logic of Mr. Conkling's recent speech in this city was, substantially, that the South ought to be disfranchised because it does not pay as much tax, or possess as much commerce, as the North. Why did he not urge the application of that principle when the South was almost solidly Republican? He was quite willing then to count the Southern vote in the Electoral College and in Congress, and the South pays now more tax and has a larger commerce than it had then. Mr. Conkling errs egregiously if he supposes that votes can be caught by any such slatternly argument as he has set up, in this particular, in support of the Republican cause.

A LONDON society journal makes a damaging accusation against Englishwomen of the higher classes. It says, in plain words, that the love of strong drink is "increasing among the educated women of our day," and it adds: "During the season just past instances of this were so frequent as to lead to the conjecture that a kind of epidemic of drink was pervading those classes of society in which culture, position, and the possession of every comfort of life would appear to be a sufficient guarantee against so degrading a vice." This is a very serious statement, and we are scarcely prepared to accept it as entirely true. Doubtless, there are exceptional cases in England and on the Continent of the excessive use of liquors by women "in society"; but we suspect there is nothing to warrant the sensational charge that the practice is a common one, as intimated by the journal we have quoted.

THE political campaign in Indiana is red-hot. Both the principal parties are working with desperate energy, and the State has not been so thoroughly stirred since the days of the civil war when the popular passions found expression in acts of murderous violence. The Greenbackers, who hold the balance of power, are courted assiduously by the Democrats, and it is not impossible that a partial alliance may be effected in some of the districts. In that event, the Republicans may suffer defeat, and, indeed, it is quite possible that, even with

the Greenback vote thrown for distinctive Greenback candidates, the Democracy may carry the State by a fair majority. They have some advantages as well as certain obvious elements of weakness in the fight, and they will not hesitate to use any means at their command to secure success. It cannot be said that the Republicans are in this respect any less unscrupulous than their adversaries. If the election shall not be largely determined by wholesale corruption and fraud, it will not be fault of the party leaders who are setting the battle in array.

THE report of the Northern Pacific Railroad for the year ending with June last shows that this great enterprise is steadily advancing toward completion. Last year the company operated seven hundred and twenty-two miles of road, with an increase of \$823,971 in the gross receipts, the net income being sixty per cent. of these receipts. The company has in contemplation the construction of one thousand three hundred and twenty miles of road, upon which work is being rapidly pushed by contractors and surveyors. The stockholders have adopted resolutions authorizing the directors to advance the work of construction to Puget Sound with all the speed consistent with economy and prudence, and to that end have authorized the issue of bonds upon the road or any portion of it now built, and as fast as completed.

EITHER peaceably or violently, the question of Irish land tenure must at no distant day be grappled with and settled. The troubles which have grown up in recent years as the result of the system of landlordism cannot be composed or removed by a repressive policy. One would suppose that, under the circumstances now existing, the class which has the chief stake in the maintenance of law and order would address itself to an intelligent treatment of the cause of the danger, and, by removing all ground of complaint through the introduction of justice and fair play into the administration of the land system, put an end to disorders and peril to the social and political fabric. The recent agrarian outrages must be punished, indeed, but what will be gained if, after they have been punished, the spirit out of which they have grown still remains not less desperate and defiant?

TRADES UNIONISM in Great Britain has attained an influence and strength which make it practically autocratic as to the regulation of many industries. Indeed, the annual congress, representing a constituency of six hundred thousand members, of trade societies and councils, enacts laws as to subjects in which working-men are interested with just as much deliberation and authority as the British Parliament manifests in dealing with any question of governmental polity. If this vast power were employed temperately and wisely, and with a just regard for the rights of both capital and labor, trades unionism might be a source of enormous benefit; but exercising its authority as it does in direct antagonism to the employing class, its influence can only be regarded as prejudicial to the largest development and prosperity of the industrial interests of the kingdom. It is fortunate that the conditions of social and industrial life in this country do not afford any foothold for a permanent class organization of this sort.

THOSE persons who have imagined that Mr. John Kelly was dead politically will be compelled to conclude, in view of the proceedings of the Democratic State Convention at Saratoga last week, that he is about as lively a political corpse as the campaign has produced. Mr. Kelly never displayed a more absolute authority over his party than he exhibited in the management of that convention. Even the men who bitterly denounced and opposed him a few months ago courted his favor and eagerly executed his decrees. He stands now, unquestionably, at the head of the Democracy of the State, and the organization which he controls advances once more to supremacy in the councils of the party which at Cincinnati treated it with downright insult and contempt. Such a victory as this could never have been achieved by a man destitute of the qualities of leadership, and these Mr. Kelly, whatever may be thought of some of his methods, unquestionably possesses to a larger extent than very many have been willing to concede.

THE Greenback leaders seem to be unable to agree as to the disposition of their stock in trade in the break-up which is now in progress. General Weaver, their candidate for President, insists upon holding on to the party effects instead of putting them up at auction, while Mr. Frank Hughes, an equally conspicuous Greenbacker in Pennsylvania, and a few others, denounce General Weaver as desiring to play into the hands of the Republicans by favoring a straight Greenback ticket in Maine. This General Weaver has replied: "I am opposed to a joint Electoral ticket with the Democratic Party in Maine or with the Republican Party in West Virginia, as has been requested in that State, and will prevent such action in any section of the Union if within my power. I am in favor of an open, straight fight against the Democratic and Republican wings of the money power, and have no choice between them. If you have, take your choice and go where you belong." This is certainly explicit, and it suggests that possibly General Weaver is, after all, honest and sincere in his advocacy of Greenback doctrines, while his assailants have not yet been able to break entirely away from old party entanglements. The truth is, that the Greenbackers are rapidly being resolved into their original elements, and will very soon be found occupying just the party relations which they sustained before the Greenback craze took possession of them.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

SECRETARIES SCHURE and SHERMAN are making campaign speeches in Ohio and Indiana.

Six illicit distilleries have been seized at Red Oak, Ga., by the internal revenue agents.

THE national reunion of Union prisoners of the late war was held in Indianapolis last week.

A STRIKE in several of the Fall River mills is contemplated in case of a reduction of wages.

TWO LOTTERY dealers were last week sentenced to terms of imprisonment, and several others subjected to fines, in the Court of General Sessions of this city.

THE population of Virginia is shown by the recent census to be 1,509,335, an increase of 284,172 since 1870.

THE California Supreme Court has decided that no election can be held for municipal officers in San Francisco in November.

THE New York Democratic State Convention last week nominated Associate Judge Rapallo for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals.

A BRITISH steamship took 7,118 bales of cotton from Savannah, Ga., last week, the largest cargo of cotton ever cleared from any Atlantic port.

THE Grand Jury of St. John's County, Florida, have indicted two persons for robbing trunks and bodies which came ashore from the wreck of the *City of Vera Cruz*.

WHEAT in Minnesota and Dakota has turned out better than was expected, and the crop is but little short of an average. Dakota's crop is fully up to the average.

IMMENSE swarms of grasshoppers have recently swept over some parts of Texas. In some cases farms were left wholly desolate, even the cotton-stalks being devoured.

THE Land Office annual report shows that 15,699,253 acres of public lands were surveyed and 6,045,570 entered under the Homestead Act in the year ending June 1st.

A CONVENTION of Irish Republicans of New York was held at Saratoga last week. An address to the Irishmen of the country in favor of the Republican Presidential ticket was adopted.

AMONG recent nominations for Congress is that of General W. S. Rosecrans in the First District of California. Speaker Randall has been renominated in the Third Pennsylvania District.

THE American Union Telegraph Company is permitted, by a decision of Judge Miller of the Supreme Court, to extend its telegraphic system over the Union and Central Pacific Railroads.

SECRETARY EVANS addressed a Republican mass meeting in this city last week. The Union League Club has formed a committee of fifty to further the interests of the Republican Party in the campaign.

THE famous Stevens Battery, which originally cost \$2,000,000, was sold last week for \$55,000. It belonged to the estate of the late Robert L. Stevens, of New Jersey, who built it as an experiment in naval architecture.

GENERAL GRANT presided and Senators Conkling and Logan made addresses at a Republican mass meeting held at Warren, Ohio, on the 28th ult. General Garfield was subsequently visited by these gentlemen at his home at Mentor.

THE reduction of the public debt in September was \$8,974,891, and for the three months of the current fiscal year, \$26,500,000. This is a marked improvement over the corresponding period of 1879, when the total reduction for the months of July, August and September reached only \$4,800,000.

THERE has been an eager demand for tickets for the Bernhardt season at Booth's Theatre. On the night previous to the opening of the sale, a line of people occupied the sidewalk in front of the theatre from twilight until morning. Tickets sold for \$60 each, and \$30,000 was realized on the first day.

THE clearings of the associated banks of Chicago for the month of September were \$142,000,000, or \$28,000,000 greater than for September, 1879. The clearings for the nine months ending in September were \$1,195,000,000, an increase compared with the same period last year of \$343,000,000.

THE influenza which has for some time prevailed among horses at Boston is reported to have reached this city, and a small percentage of animals among the street-car horses show signs of disease by coughing, but they yield readily to treatment, and a recurrence of the epizooty of 1872-73 is not generally anticipated.

A DISPATCH from Tucson, Ari., says that General Carr recently had a fight with a small party of Victoria's band, eighteen in number, in the Hatchet Mountains, killing them all. Bloody fighting is also said to have occurred lately between the Salteaux and Mandrill Indians, in which a large number of both bands were killed.

THE Greenbackers of South Carolina have nominated a full State ticket, with L. W. R. Blair for Governor. In New Hampshire the same party has nominated Warren S. Brown for Governor, and denounced all attempts at fusion. Ex-Governor Gaston has been nominated for Congress in Massachusetts, and ex-Governor Curtin in Pennsylvania. The Nebraska Democrats have nominated Thomas Tipton for Governor.

Foreign.

MR. FOSTER, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, does not deem any new coercive legislation necessary.

THE Melbourne Exhibition was opened October 1st with great éclat. All the principal nations are represented.

THE supporters of Yakoub Khan intend to organize attacks on the British until he is proclaimed Ameer of Afghanistan.

RUMORS are rife in Italy of Garibaldi's intentions and of revolutionary movements, against which the Government has taken precautions.

THE Spanish Government has resolved to proceed against all priests who introduce politics into their sermons and to dismiss notorious Carlist mayors.

IN Austria a strong opposition to any future war with Turkey is daily developing. France will not separate from the European concert as to affairs in the East.

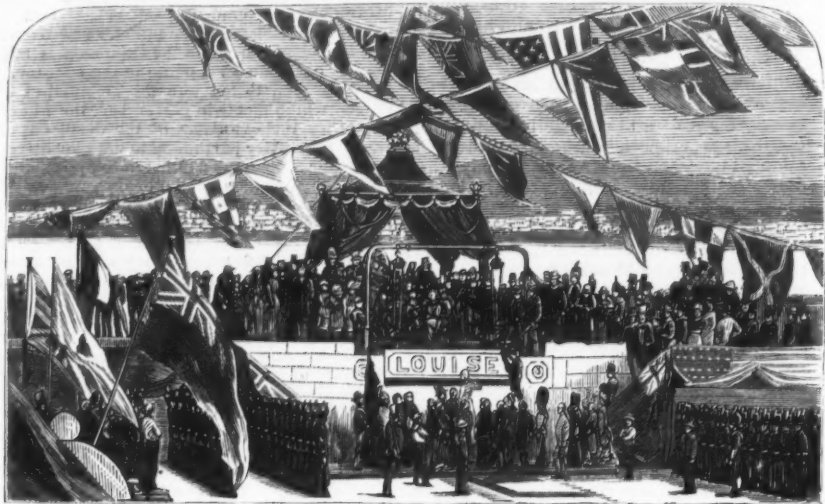
ONE thousand pounds reward has been offered for the arrest of the murderers of Lord Mountmorres. The two farmers arrested for the murder have been remanded.

THE Mexican Congress opened its session on the 16th ult. President Diaz's opening address expressed great satisfaction at the political and moral advancement of the republic. He said the negotiations for the re-establishment of diplomatic relations with France had resulted satisfactorily.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 103.



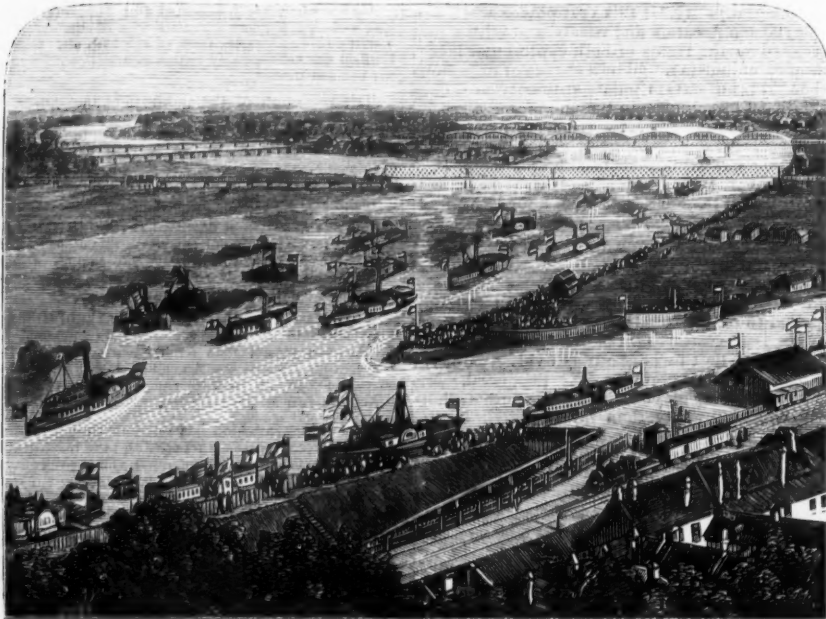
FRANCE.—INAUGURATION OF THE BLAISE PASCAL STATUE, CLERMONT-FERRAND.



CANADA.—PRINCESS LOUISE LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF NEW HARBOR WORKS, QUEBEC.



SPAIN.—THE MILITARY PONTOON DISASTER ON THE EBRO.



AUSTRIA.—STRAIGHTENING THE COURSE OF THE DANUBE, NEAR VIENNA.



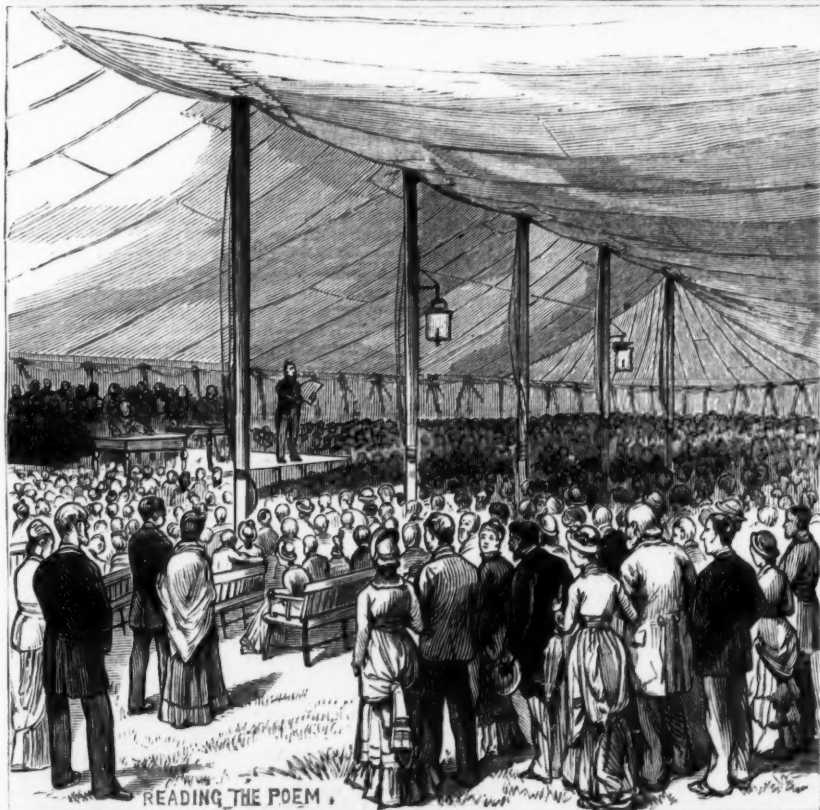
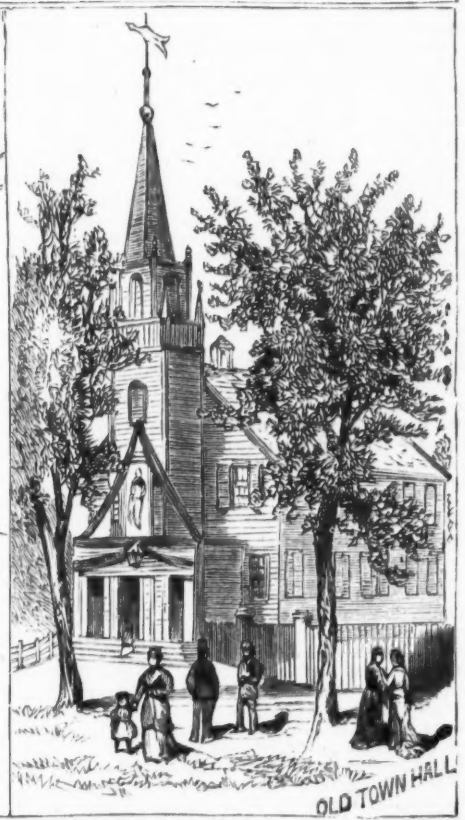
AUSTRALIA.—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION BUILDING, MELBOURNE.



AUSTRIA.—GRAVOSA, WHERE THE ALLIED FLEET ASSEMBLED.



AUSTRIA.—CATTARO, ON THE ADRIATIC COAST.



RHODE ISLAND.—CELEBRATION OF THE TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF BRISTOL.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 103.

THE BLACK ROBE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

(Continued from front page.)

I had known him long enough not to take offense at his reminding me, in this considerate way, that I was a poor man. The proposed change of scene tempted me. What did I care for the Channel passage? Besides, there was the irresistible attraction of getting away from home. The end of it was that I accepted Romaine's invitation.

II.

SHORTLY after noon, on the next day, we were established at Boulogne—near Lady Berrick, but not at her hotel. "If we live in the same house," Romaine reminded me, "we shall be bored by the companion and the doctor. Meetings on the stairs, you know, and exchanging bows and small talk." He hated those trivial conventionalities of society, in which other people delight. When somebody once asked him in what company he felt most at ease, he made a shocking answer—he said, "In the company of dogs."

I waited for him on the pier while he went to see her ladyship. He joined me again with his bitterest smile. "What did I tell you? She is not well enough to see me to-day. The doctor looks grave; and the companion puts her handkerchief to her eyes. We may be kept in this place for weeks to come."

The afternoon proved to be rainy. Our early dinner was a bad one. This last circumstance tried his temper sorely. He was no gourmand; the question of cookery was (with him) purely a matter of digestion. Those late hours of study, and that abuse of tea, to which I have already alluded, had sadly injured his stomach. The doctors warned him of serious consequences to his nervous system, unless he altered his habits. He had little faith in medical science; and he greatly over-rated the restorative capacity of his constitution. So far as I know, he had always neglected the doctor's advice.

The weather cleared towards evening, and we went out for a walk. We passed a church—a Roman Catholic church, of course—the doors of which were still open. Some poor women were kneeling at their prayers in the dim light. "Wait a minute," said Romaine, "I am in a vile temper. Let me try to put myself into a better frame of mind."

I followed him into the church. He knelt down in a dark corner by himself. I confess I was surprised. He had been baptized in the Church of England; but, so far as outward practice was concerned, he belonged to no religious community. I had often heard him speak with a sincere reverence and admiration of the spirit of Christianity, but he never, to my knowledge, attended any place of public worship. When we met again outside the church, I asked if he had been converted to the Roman Catholic faith.

"No," he said, "I hate the inveterate striving of that priesthood after social influence and political power as cordially as the fiercest Protestant living. But let us not forget that the Church of Rome has great merits to set against great faults. Its system is administered with an admirable knowledge of the higher needs of human nature. Take, as one example, what you have just seen. The solemn tranquillity of that church, the poor people praying near me, the few words of prayer by which I silently united myself to my fellow-creatures, have calmed me and done me good. In our country I should have found the church closed out of service hours." He took my arm and abruptly changed the subject: "How will you occupy yourself," he asked, "if my aunt receives me to-morrow?"

I assured him that I should easily find ways and means of getting through the time. The next morning a message came from Lady Berrick to say that she would see her nephew after breakfast. Left by myself, I walked towards the pier, and met with a man who asked me to hire his boat. He had lines and bait at my service. Most unfortunately, as the event proved, I decided on occupying an hour or two by sea-fishing.

The wind shifted while we were out, and before we could get back to the harbor, the tide had turned against us. It was six o'clock when I arrived at the hotel. A little open carriage was waiting at the door. I found Romaine impatiently expecting me, and no signs of dinner on the table. He informed me that he had accepted an invitation, in which I was included, and promised to explain everything in the carriage.

Our driver took the road that led towards the High Town. I subordinated my curiosity to my sense of politeness, and asked for news of his aunt's health.

"She is seriously ill, poor soul," he said. "I am sorry I spoke so petulantly and so unfairly when we met at the club. The near prospect of death has developed qualities in her nature which I ought to have seen before this. No matter how it may be delayed, I will patiently wait her time for the crossing to England."

So long as he believed himself to be in the right, he was, as to his actions and opinions, one of the most obstinate men I ever met with. But once let him be convinced that he was wrong, and he rushed into the other extreme—became needlessly distrustful of himself, and needlessly eager in seizing his opportunity of making atonement. In this latter mood he was capable—with the best intentions—of committing acts of the most childish imprudence. With some misgivings, I asked how he had amused himself in my absence.

"I waited for you," he said, "till I lost all patience, and went out for a walk. First, I thought of going to the beach, but the smell of the harbor drove me back into the town, and there, oddly enough, I met with a man, a cer-

tain Captain Peterkin, who had been a friend of mine at college."

"A visitor to Boulogne?" I inquired.

"Not exactly."

"A resident?"

"Yes. The fact is, I lost sight of Peterkin when I left Oxford—and, since that time, he seems to have drifted into difficulties. We had a long talk. He is living here, he tells me, until his affairs are settled."

I needed no further enlightenment—Captain Peterkin stood as plainly revealed to me as if I had known him for years. "Isn't it a little imprudent," I said, "to renew your acquaintance with a man of that sort? Couldn't you have passed him with a bow?"

Romaine smiled uneasily. "I dare say you're right," he answered. "But, remember, I had left my aunt, feeling ashamed of the unjust way in which I had thought and spoken of her. How did I know that I mightn't be wronging an old friend next, if I kept Peterkin at a distance? His present position may be as much his misfortune, poor fellow, as his fault. I was half inclined to pass him as you say, but I distrusted my own judgment. He held out his hand, and he was so glad to see me. It can't be helped now. I shall be anxious to hear your opinion of him."

"Are we going to dine with Captain Peterkin?"

"Yes. I happened to mention that wretched dinner yesterday at our hotel. He said, 'Come to my boarding-house. Out of Paris, there isn't such a *table d'hôte* in France.' I tried to get off it—not caring, as you know, to go among strangers; I said I had a friend with me. He invited you most cordially to accompany me. More excuses on my part only led to a painful result. I hurt Peterkin's feelings. 'I'm down in the world,' he said, 'and I'm not fit company for you and your friends. I beg your pardon for taking the liberty of inviting you!' He turned away with the tears in his eyes. What could I do?"

I thought to myself, "You could have lent him five pounds, and got rid of his invitation without the slightest difficulty." If I had returned in reasonable time to go out with Romaine, we might not have met the captain; or, if we had met him, my presence would have prevented the confidential talk, and the invitation that followed. I felt I was to blame—and yet, how could I help it? It was useless to remonstrate—the mischief was done.

We left the Old Town on our right hand, and drove on past a little colony of suburban villas, to a house standing by itself, surrounded by stone walls. As we crossed the front-garden on our way to the door, I noticed against the side of the house two kennels, inhabited by two large watch-dogs. Was the proprietor afraid of thieves?

III.

THE moment we were introduced to the drawing-room, my suspicions of the company we were likely to meet with were fully confirmed.

"Cards, billiards and betting"—there was the inscription legibly written on the manner and appearance of Captain Peterkin. The bright-eyed, yellow old lady who kept the boarding-house would have been worth five thousand pounds in jewelry alone, if the ornaments which profusely covered her had been genuine precious stones. The younger ladies present had their cheeks as highly rouged and their eyelids as elaborately penciled in black as if they were going on the stage, instead of going to dinner. We found these fair creatures drinking Madeira as a whet to their appetites. Among the men, there were two who struck me as the most finished and complete blackguards whom I had ever met with in all my experience, at home and abroad. One, with a brown face and a broken nose, was presented to us by the title of "Commander," and was described as a person of great wealth and distinction in Peru, traveling for amusement. The other wore a military uniform and decorations, and was spoken of as "The General." A bold, bullying manner, a fat, sodden face, little leering eyes, and greasy-looking hands, made this man so repellent to me that I privately longed to kick him. Romaine had evidently been announced, before our arrival, as a landed gentleman with a large income. Men and women vied in servile attentions to him. When we went into the dining-room, the fascinating creature who sat next to him held her fan before her face, and so made a private interview of it between the rich Englishman and herself. With regard to the dinner, I shall only report that it justified Captain Peterkin's boast, in some degree at least. The wine was good, and the conversation became gay to the verge of indelicacy. Usually the most temperate of men, Romaine was tempted by his neighbors into drinking freely. I was unfortunately seated at the opposite extremity of the table, and I had no opportunity of warning him. The dinner reached its conclusion, and we all returned together, on the foreign plan, to coffee and cigars in the drawing-room. The women smoked and drank liqueurs as well as coffee, with the men. One of them went to the piano, and a little *impromptu* ball followed, the ladies dancing with their cigarettes in their mouths. Keeping my eyes and ears on the alert, I saw an innocent-looking table, with a surface of rosewood, suddenly develop a substance of green cloth. At the same time a neat little roulette-table made its appearance from a hiding-place in a sofa. Passing near the venerable landlady, I heard her ask the servant, in a whisper, "if the dogs were loose?" After what I had observed, I could only conclude that the dogs were used as a patrol to give the alarm in case of a descent by the police. It was plainly high time to thank Captain Peterkin for his hospitality, and to take our leave.

"We have had enough of this," I whispered to Romaine in English. "Let us go."

In these days, it is a delusion to suppose that you can speak confidentially in the English language when French people are within hear-

ing. One of the ladies asked Romaine tenderly if he was tired of her already. Another reminded him it was raining heavily (as we could all hear), and suggested waiting until it cleared up. The hideous General waved his greasy hand in the direction of the card-table, and said, "The game is waiting for us."

Romaine was excited, but not stupefied, by the wine he had drunk. He answered, discreetly enough, "I must beg you to excuse me; I am a poor card-player."

The General suddenly looked grave. "You are speaking, sir, under a strange misapprehension," he said. "Our game is lansquenet—essentially a game of chance. With luck, the poorest player is a match for the whole table."

Romaine persisted in his refusal. As a matter of course, I supported him, with all needful care to avoid giving offense. The General took offense, nevertheless. He crossed his arms on his breast, and looked at us fiercely. "Does this mean, gentlemen, that you distrust the company?" he asked.

The broken-nosed Commander, hearing the question, immediately joined us, in the interests of peace—bearing with him the elements of persuasion, under the form of a lady on his arm.

The lady stepped briskly forward, and tapped the General on the shoulder with her fan. "I am one of the company," she said; "and I am sure Mr. Romaine doesn't distrust me?" She turned to Romaine with her most irresistible smile. "A gentleman always plays cards," she resumed, "when he has a lady for a partner. Let us join our interests at the table—and, dear Mr. Romaine, don't risk too much!" She put her pretty little purse into his hand, and looked as if she had been in love with him for half her lifetime.

The fatal influence of the sex, assisted by wine, produced the inevitable result. Romaine allowed himself to be led to the card-table. For a moment the General delayed the beginning of the game. After what had happened, it was necessary that he should assert the strict sense of justice that was in him. "We are all honorable men," he began.

"And brave men," the Commander added, admiring the General.

"And brave men," the General admitted, admiring the Commander. "Gentlemen, if I have been led into expressing myself with unnecessary warmth of feeling, I apologize, and regret it."

"Nobly spoken!" the Commander pronounced. The General put his hand on his heart and bowed. The game began.

As the poorest man of the two, I had escaped the attentions lavished by the ladies on Romaine. At the same time, I was obliged to pay for my dinner by taking some part in the proceedings of the evening. Small stakes were allowed, I found, at roulette; and, besides, the heavy chances in favor of the table made it scarcely worth while to run the risk of cheating, in this case. I placed myself next to the least rascally-looking man in the company, and played roulette.

For a wonder, I was successful at the first attempt. My neighbor handed me my winnings. "I have lost every farthing I possess," he whispered to me, piteously; "and I have a wife and children at home." I lent the poor wretch five francs. He smiled faintly as he looked at the money. "It reminds me," he said, "of my last transaction, when I borrowed of that gentleman there, who is betting on the General's luck at the card-table. Beware of employing him as I did. What do you think I got for my note of hand of four thousand francs? A hundred bottles of champagne, fifty bottles of ink, fifty bottles of blacking, three dozen handkerchiefs, two pictures by unknown masters, two shawls, one hundred maps, and—five francs."

We went on playing. My luck deserted me; I lost, and lost, and lost again. From time to time I looked round at the card-table. The "deal" had fallen early to the General; and it seemed to be indefinitely prolonged. A heap of notes and gold—won mainly from Romaine, as I afterwards discovered—lay before him. As for my neighbor, the unhappy possessor of the bottles of blacking, the pictures by unknown masters, and the rest of it, he won, and then rashly presumed on his good fortune. Deprived of his last farthing, he retired into a corner of the room, and consoled himself with a cigar. I had just risen to follow his example when a furious uproar burst out at the card-table.

I saw Romaine spring up and snatch the cards out of the General's hand. "You scoundrel!" he shouted, "you are cheating!" The General started to his feet in a fury. "You lie!" he cried. I attempted to interfere; but Romaine had already seen the necessity of controlling himself. "A gentleman doesn't accept an insult from a swindler," he said, coolly. "Accept this, then!" the General answered, and spat on him. In an instant Romaine knocked him down.

The blow was dealt straight between his eyes; he was a gross, big-boned man, and he fell heavily. For the time he was stunned. The women ran, screaming, out of the room. The peaceable Commander trembled from head to foot. Two of the men present, who, to give them their due, were no cowards, locked the doors. "You don't go," they said, "till we see whether he recovers or not." Cold water, assisted by the landlady's smelling-salts, brought the General to his senses after a while. He whispered something to one of his friends, who immediately turned to me. "The General challenges Mr. Romaine," he said. "As one of his seconds, I demand an appointment for to-morrow morning." I refused to make any appointment unless the doors were first unlocked, and we were left free to depart. "Our carriage is waiting outside," I added. "If it returns to the hotel without us there will be an inquiry." This latter consideration had its effect. On their side, the

doors were opened; on our side, the appointment was made. We left the house.

IV.

In consenting to receive the General's representatives, it is needless to say that I merely desired to avoid provoking another quarrel. If those persons were really impudent enough to call at the hotel, I had arranged to threaten them with the interference of the police, and so to put an end to the matter. Romaine expressed no opinion on the subject, one way or the other. His conduct inspired me with a feeling of uneasiness. The filthy insult of which he had been made the object seemed to be rankling in his mind. He went away thoughtfully to his own room. "Have you nothing to say to me?" I asked. He only answered, "Wait till to-morrow."

The next day the seconds appeared.

I had expected to see two of the men with whom we had dined. To my astonishment, the visitors proved to be officers of the General's regiment. They brought proposals for a hostile meeting the next morning, the choice of weapons being left to Romaine as the challenged man.

It was now quite plain to me that the General's peculiar method of card-playing had, thus far, not been discovered and exposed. He might keep doubtful company, and might—as I afterwards heard—be suspected in certain quarters. But that he still had, formally speaking, a reputation to preserve, was proved by the appearance of the two gentlemen present as his representatives. They declared, with evident sincerity, that Romaine had made a fatal mistake, had provoked the insult offered to him, and had resented it by a brutal and cowardly outrage. As a man and a soldier, the General was doubly bound to insist on a duel. No apology would be accepted even if an apology were offered.

In this emergency, as I understood it, there was but one course to follow. I refused to receive the challenge.

Being asked for my reasons, I found it necessary to speak within certain limits. Though we knew the General to be a cheat, it was a delicate matter to dispute his right to claim satisfaction, when he had found two officers to carry his message. I produced the seized cards (which Romaine had brought away with him in his pocket) and offered them as a formal proof that my friend had not been mistaken.

The seconds—evidently prepared for this circumstance by their principal—declined to examine the cards. In the first place, they said, not even the discovery of foul play (supposing the discovery to have been really made) could justify Romaine's conduct. In the second place, the General's high character made it impossible, under any circumstances, that he could be responsible. Like ourselves, he had rashly associated with bad company, and he had been the innocent victim of an error or a fraud committed by some other person present at the table.

Driven to my last resource, I could now only base my refusal to receive the challenge on the ground that we were Englishmen, and that the practice of dueling had been abolished in England. Both the seconds at once declined to accept this statement in justification of my conduct.

"You are now in France," said the elder of the two, "where a duel is the established remedy for an insult among gentlemen. You are bound to respect the social laws of the country in which you are for the time residing. If you refuse to do so, you lay yourselves open to a public imputation on your courage of a nature too degrading to be more particularly alluded to. Let us adjourn this interview for three hours, on the ground of informality. We ought to confer with two gentlemen, acting on Mr. Romaine's behalf. Be prepared with another second to meet us, and reconsider your decision before we call again."

The Frenchmen had barely taken their departure by one door, when Romaine entered by another.

"I have heard it all," he said, quietly. "Accept the challenge."

I declare solemnly that I left no means untried of opposing my friend's resolution. No man could have felt more strongly convinced than I did that nothing could justify the course he was taking. My remonstrances were completely thrown away. He was deaf to sense and reason from the moment when he had heard an imputation on his courage suggested as a possible result of any affair in which he was concerned.

"With your views," he said, "I won't ask you to accompany me to the ground. I can easily find French seconds. And mind this, if you attempt to prevent the meeting, the duel will take place elsewhere, and our friendship is at an end from that moment."

After this, I suppose it is needless to add that I accompanied him to the ground the next morning as his second.

That night he made his will—in preparation for the worst that could happen. What actually did happen was equally beyond his anticipations and mine.

V.

We were punctual to the appointed hour—eight o'clock.

The second who acted with me was a French gentleman, a relative of one of the officers who had brought the challenge. At his suggestion, we had chosen the pistol as our weapon. Romaine, like most Englishmen at the present time, knew nothing of the use of the sword. He was almost equally inexperienced with the pistol.

Our opponents were late. They kept us waiting for more than ten minutes. It was not pleasant weather to wait in. The day had dawned damp and drizzling. A thick white fog was slowly rolling in on us from the sea.

When they did appear, the General was not among them. A tall, well-dressed young man

saluted Romaine with stern courtesy, and said to a stranger who accompanied him, "Explain the circumstances."

The stranger proved to be a surgeon. He entered at once on the necessary explanation. The General was too ill to appear. He had been attacked that morning by a fit—the consequences of the blow that he had received. Under these circumstances, his eldest son (Maurice) was now on the ground to fight the duel, on his father's behalf, attended by the General's seconds, and with the General's full approval.

We instantly refused to allow the duel to take place, Romaine loudly declaring that he had no quarrel with the General's son. Upon this, Maurice broke away from his seconds, drew off one of his gloves, and, stepping close up to Romaine, struck him on the face with the glove. "Have you no quarrel with me now?" the young Frenchman asked. "Must I spit on you as my father did?" His seconds dragged him away, and apologized to us for the outbreak. But the mischief was done. Romaine's fiery temper flashed in his eyes. "Load the pistols," he said. After the insult publicly offered to him, and the outrage publicly threatened, there was no other course to take.

It had been left to us to produce the pistols. We therefore requested the seconds of our opponent to examine and to load them. While this was being done, the advancing sea-fog so completely enveloped us that the duelists were unable to see each other. We were obliged to wait for the chance of a partial clearing in the atmosphere. Romaine's temper had become calm again. The generosity of his nature spoke in the words which he now addressed to his seconds.

"After all," he said, "the young man is a good son—he is bent on redressing what he believes to be his father's wrong. Does his flipping his glove in my face matter to me? I think I shall fire in the air."

"I shall refuse to act as your second if you do," answered the French gentleman who was assisting us. "The General's son is famous for his skill with the pistol. If you didn't see it in his face just now, I did—he means to kill you. Defend your life, sir!" I spoke quite as strongly to the same purpose when my turn came. Romaine yielded—he placed himself unreservedly in our hands.

In a quarter of an hour the fog lifted a little. We measured the distance, having previously arranged (at my suggestion) that the two men should both fire at the same moment, at a given signal. Romaine's composure, as they faced each other, was, in a man of his irritable nervous temperament, really wonderful. I placed him sideways, in a position which in some degree lessened his danger, by lessening the surface exposed to the bullet. My French colleague put the pistol into his hand, and gave him the last word of advice. "Let your arm hang loosely down, with the barrel of the pistol pointing straight to the ground. When you hear the signal, only lift your arm as far as the elbow; keep the elbow pressed against your side—and fire." We could do no more for him. As we drew aside—I own it—my tongue was like a cinder in my mouth, add a horrid inner cold crept through me to the marrow of my bones.

The signal was given, and the two shots were fired at the same time.

My first look was at Romaine. He took off his hat and handed it to me with a smile. His adversary's bullet had cut a piece out of the brim of his hat, on the right side. He had literally escaped by a hair-breadth.

While I was congratulating him, the fog gathered again more thickly than ever. Looking anxiously towards the ground occupied by our adversaries, we could only see vague, shadowy forms, hurriedly crossing and recrossing each other in the mist. Something had happened! My French colleague took my arm and pressed it significantly. "Leave me to inquire," he said. Romaine tried to follow; I held him back; we neither of us exchanged a word.

The fog thickened and thickened, until nothing was to be seen. Once we heard the surgeon's voice calling impatiently for a light to help him. No light appeared as we could see. Dreary as the fog itself, the silence gathered around us again. On a sudden it was broken, horribly broken, by another voice, strange to both of us, shrieking hysterically through the impenetrable mist. "Where is he?" the voice cried, in the French language. "Assassin! assassin! where are you?" Was it a woman, or was it a boy? We heard nothing more. The effect on Romaine was terrible to see. He who had calmly confronted the weapon lifted to kill him, shuddered dumbly like a terror-stricken animal. I put my arm round him, and hurried him away from the place.

We waited at the hotel until our French friend joined us. After a brief interval he appeared, announcing that the surgeon would follow him.

The duel had ended fatally. The chance course of the bullet, urged by Romaine's unpracticed hand, had struck the General's son just above the right nostril, had penetrated to the back of his neck, and had communicated a fatal shock to the spinal marrow. He was a dead man before they could take him back to his father's house.

So far, our fears were confirmed. But there was something else to tell, for which our worst presentiments had not prepared us.

A younger brother of the fallen man (a boy of thirteen years old) had secretly followed the dueling party on their way from his father's house, had hidden himself, and had seen the dreadful end. The seconds only knew of it when he burst out of his place of concealment, and fell on his knees by his dying brother's side. His were the fearful cries which we had heard from invisible lips. The slayer of his brother was the "assassin" whom he had vainly tried to discover through the fathomless obscurity of the mist.

We both looked at Romaine. He silently looked back at us, like a man turned to stone. I tried to reason with him.

"Your life was at your opponent's mercy," I said. "It was he who was skilled in the use of the pistol; your risk was infinitely greater than his. Are you responsible for an accident? Rouse yourself, Romaine! Think of the time to come, when all this will be forgotten."

"Never," he said, "to the end of my life."

He made that reply in dull, monotonous tones. His eyes looked wearily and vacantly straight before him. The extraordinary change in him had startled me. He showed no signs of a coming loss of consciousness; and yet, all that was most brightly animated in his physical life seemed to have mysteriously faded away. I spoke to him again. He remained impenetrably silent; he appeared not to hear, or not to understand me. The surgeon came in, while I was still at a loss what to say or do next. Without waiting to be asked for his opinion, he observed Romaine attentively, and then drew me away into the next room.

"Your friend is suffering from a severe nervous shock," he said. "Can you tell me anything of his habits of life?"

I mentioned the prolonged night-studies and the excessive use of tea. The surgeon shook his head.

"If you want my advice," he proceeded, "take him home at once. Don't subject him to further excitement, when the result of the duel is known in the town. If it ends in our appearing in a court of law, it will be a mere formality in this case, and you can surrender when the time comes. Leave me your address in London."

I felt that the wisest thing I could do was to follow his advice. The boat crossed to Folkestone at an early hour that day—we had no time to lose. Romaine offered no objection to our return to England; he seemed perfectly careless what became of him. "Leave me quiet," he said, "and do as you like." I wrote a few lines to Lady Berrick's medical attendant, informing him of the circumstances. A quarter of an hour afterwards we were on board the steamboat.

There were very few passengers. After we had left the harbor my attention was attracted by a young English lady—traveling, apparently, with her mother. As we passed her on the deck she looked at Romaine, with compassionate interest so vividly expressed in her beautiful face that I imagined they might be acquainted. With some difficulty I prevailed sufficiently over the torpor that possessed him to induce him to look at our fellow-passenger.

"Do you know that charming person?" I asked.

"No," he replied, with the weariest indifference. "I never saw her before. I'm tired—tired—tired! Don't speak to me; leave me by myself."

I left him. His rare personal attractions—of which, let me add, he never appeared to be conscious—had evidently made their natural appeal to the interest and admiration of the young lady who had met him by chance. The expression of resigned sadness and suffering, now visible in his face, added greatly no doubt to the influence that he had unconsciously exercised over the sympathies of a delicate and sensitive woman. It was no uncommon circumstance in his past experience of the sex—as I myself well knew—to be the object, not of admiration only, but of true and ardent love. He had never reciprocated the passion—had never even appeared to take it seriously. Marriage might, as the phrase is, be the salvation of him. Would he ever marry?

Leaving over the bulwark, idly pursuing this train of thought, I was recalled to present things by a low, sweet voice—the voice of the lady of whom I had been thinking.

"Excuse me for disturbing you," she said; "I think your friend wants you."

She spoke with the modesty and self-possession of a highly-bred woman. A little heightening of her color made her, to my eyes, more beautiful than ever. I thanked her, and hastened back to Romaine.

He was standing by the barred skylight which guarded the machinery. I instantly noticed a change in him. His eyes wandering here and there, in search of me, had more than recovered their animation—there was a wild look of terror in them. He seized me roughly by the arm and pointed down to the engine-room.

"What do you hear there?" he asked.

"I hear the thump of the engines."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing. What do you hear?"

He suddenly turned away.

"I'll tell you," he said, "when we get on shore."

(To be continued.)

THE BI-CENTENNIAL OF BRISTOL, R. I.

THE celebration, on the 24th ultimo, of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town of Bristol, R. I., was a very pleasant and successful affair. The celebration proper began on the evening of the 23d, when the town was illuminated from one end to the other with electric lights, fireworks, etc. On the anniversary day the town was gayly decorated, and the streets were crowded with visitors. A national salute was fired at sunrise, and the church-bells were rung an hour. A procession, in five divisions, was formed at 10:30, comprising military escorting State and town officers; a company of gentlemen in ancient costume, carrying and guarding the flag presented to the town in 1770 by Colonel Byfield; the Fire Department; Sons and Daughters of Bristol, and representatives of the trades. The column moved through the streets to a tent on the Common where Le Baron Colt delivered an address of welcome. Professor J. Lewis Diman, of Brown University, delivered an oration; Bishop Howe, of Central Pennsylvania, read a poem, and the schoolchildren sang an original ode and hymn. Dinner was served in the afternoon, and speeches were made by prominent gentlemen.

An interesting feature of the occasion was the planting of four trees in memory of Burton, Oliver, Byfield and Walley, the original purchasers of the

town from the Plymouth Colony. Mayor H. K. Oliver, of Salem, Mass., great-grandson of one of the purchasers, planted one of the trees. The others were planted by Messrs. William J. Miller and Wilfred H. Munroe, of the town. Their addresses were appropriate. In the evening a grand promenade concert was given in the tent by the Cadet Band of Boston. Thousands visited the Town Hall during the day for the purpose of seeing the exhibition illustrative of the history of the town. Here was to be found the portraits of the famous De Wolf family; interesting relics of bygone days in the shape of dress goods, china, crockery, cooking utensils, Revolutionary mementoes, Indian relics, etc., all of which were neatly arranged for the free inspection of those who had a taste for such articles. The collection is one of the finest of the kind in the country, and it is justly prized for its historical association by the inhabitants of the town.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Inauguration of the Pascal Statue.

The latest outbreak of what may be termed statue dedication has taken place at Clermont-Ferrand, France, where there has just been "inaugurated" a statue of the famous mathematician and astronomer of the Jesuits, Blaise Pascal. Pascal was the possessor of vast mathematical gifts; he was a trenchant and epigrammatic writer; his "Pensées" (if he wrote them) contain many noble religious and philosophic maxims, and he was a little cracked. The citizens of Clermont-Ferrand have been some time in finding out what a great man the bitter foe of the Jesuits was, for Pascal died in 1662. A very pompous ceremonial marked the "inaugural" proceedings, in which took part the mayor and municipality, the general commanding the troops in the district, the magistracy, the rector of the Academy, and the professors of the various faculties, the Inspector-General of the Council of Public Instruction, and several prefects of adjoining departments.

New Harbor Works, Quebec.

These works, which occupy an important place among the engineering enterprises of the Dominion of Canada, have been constructed at the point where the St. Charles, a tributary of the mighty St. Lawrence, joins the latter river at Quebec. Indeed, in size, construction and position, these additions to the harbor accommodation already existing will be, in reproductive result and self-redemption of first cost by the reclaimed land within their walls, without parallel. From end to end this great basin measures 4,000 feet. It is 900 feet wide, and will inclose a water area of 60 acres, 40 acres of which are to be wet dock, and 20 acres of tidal basin, with a minimum depth of 27 feet and 42 feet respectively below high water, while the level of the quays will be six feet above the line. The new docks appear as the outwork of a fortification, forming by its perfect line and workmanship a finished river frontage to the north side of Quebec. Under the protection of the embankment, a valuable ship will be enabled to winter, avoiding all risk of "ice shore"; and with the completion of the Graving Dock, Quebec will have advanced towards being one of the most commodious naval stations in the Dominion. Moreover, by the construction of these works, the most effective terminal for the shipment of the general traffic of the Canada Pacific Railway, and the systems already in operation in the direction of Manitoba, is clearly indicated. Our illustration shows the ceremony of July 29th, when the "Tablet Stone" was laid by Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise.

Military Pontoon Disaster in Spain.

The melancholy subject of an illustration now presented is the disaster that took place on the river Ebro, near Logrono, in Spain, where the upsetting of a pontoon raft cost more than a hundred soldiers' lives. An official statement informs us that a battalion of infantry, numbering 275 officers and soldiers, had been ordered, in the programme of military manoeuvres, to cross the river on a raft made of pontoons. The raft was being moved slowly towards the Navarre bank. The band continued playing, and the soldiers, mostly young lads of the last conscription, began to keep time with their feet, despite the warnings of their officers. The result was that very soon the raft began to roll ominously. Suddenly the raft gave a lurch forward and another tilt; the soldiers rushed forward and capsize it. Eleven officers and ninety-seven men were drowned, while the colonel, twelve officers and a hundred soldiers were saved. The Spanish Government has authorized a subscription for the victims. The King has given \$2,000, and the Queen and Princess \$3,500.

Straightening of the Danube.

As is the case with our Mississippi, the navigation of the Danube is hindered by many turns, which are not only troublesome and dangerous, but entail loss of time. The Austrian Government some years ago accepted the plan of three French engineers—Langlois, Lebel and Vasset—who undertook to straighten the course of the river near Vienna by cutting new channels across the necks of peninsulas. Our illustration shows the first of the new channels. Another channel runs from Roder to the Spandau bridge, while another will reach Albern above Loban Island. The Austrian capital will not only gain by having safer and quicker connections with other points, but will acquire additional land for six thousand buildings, and obtain good wide streets for railroad and carriages along the new river bank.

The Melbourne International Exhibition.

The above is the official title decided upon at a recent meeting of the Commissioners, a proposal to call the exhibition "The Carlton Palace and Melbourne Palace of Industry" having been negatived. The exhibition was to be opened on Friday, October 1st. Having already given a view of the exterior of the Exhibition Building, we now present an interior.

The Naval Demonstration in the Adriatic.

Our illustrations of Gravosa and Cattaro, Austrian seaports of the Adriatic coast, have a special interest connected with the presence at the first named port of the combined naval squadrons of the six Great Powers, to enforce upon the Ottoman Government and the Albanians a recent decision of the Conference at Berlin, for the cession of Dulcigno by the Turkish Empire to the Principality of Montenegro. The bay or inlet of Gravosa, as shown in our illustration, is landlocked and surrounded by hills, so that it affords a secure harbor, except against a northerly wind, the "Bora," which in the Autumn and Winter is frequent and extremely violent. The harbor is formed by a hilly and rocky peninsula, which projects two miles from the mainland in a northwesterly direction. The village of Gravosa, at the head of its harbor, is only a mile and a half distant from the town of Ragusa, which is situated on the more open shore to the southeast of Gravosa. Cattaro, which may possibly be visited by the combined naval squadrons, as it is the port nearest to Montenegro, possesses the best harbor of the Adriatic. This is formed by a winding gulf or inlet, thirty miles long, which presents three basins, with connecting straits, inclosed by protecting hills or mountains. The town is even smaller than Ragusa, but was once a petty commonwealth, which became part of the Republic of Venice in 1420. It was, like Ragusa, taken by the French under Napoleon I., from whom it was taken by England, and was given to Austria at the Congress of Vienna, in 1815.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—DURING the last ten years 2,811,677 immigrants have arrived in this country.

—THE American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have received a check for \$150,000 from the Stone estate.

—THE statue of Admiral Farragut, by Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie, has been placed in position in Farragut square, Washington.

—FROM a few isolated cases during the Summer months, diphtheria has become epidemic in Bennington, Vt., and the public schools are closed in consequence.

—THE Prussian Government has requested that a proclamation of a state of siege be issued in Leipzig and Hamburg, denouncing these as hotbeds of Socialism.

—THE thirty-ninth representation of the Passion Play at Oberammergau (the last performance this year) took place on September 26th. Thirty-five hundred persons were present.

—THE monster iron-clad *Italia*, of 14,000 tons, covered throughout with armor three feet thick, has been successfully launched. The *Italia* is the most powerful iron-clad ever constructed.

—DURING the year ending with June last there were exported from this port 31,061,610 pounds of butter, valued at \$5,179,071, and 19,833,330 pounds of oleomargarine, valued at \$2,581,317.

—THE Internal Revenue receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30th last were \$124,009,374, of which Illinois contributed \$23,035,614; Ohio, \$18,018,999, and New York, \$16,249,877.

—THE city officials and leading business men of New Orleans are enthusiastic over the proposal to bring the steamship *Great Eastern* to that port for use in the meat trade. Governor Wiltz has no doubt but that the channel is sufficiently deep.

—PRINCE BISMARCK has drafted a Bill establishing a State Workmen's Assurance and Mutual Assistance Society. Its workings will be temporarily applied to Prussia only. All laborers and employers will be compelled to contribute to the fund.

—M. CONSTANS, the French Minister of the Interior and of Worship, will begin the breaking up of the religious Orders by first removing Orders not recognized by the Vatican, then those composed of foreigners, and then deal with the others separately.

—THE British Government have practically decided to abandon Cyprus. They have stopped public works and withdrawn a war vessel. The event has passed almost unnoticed by the press. This shows the collapse of Lord Beaconsfield's theatrical annexation scheme.

—THE tobacco grown in Pennsylvania in 1879 amounted to 31,000,000 pounds, the largest crop yet grown. The present crop, while the largest—amounting to 40,000,000 pounds—will not, perhaps, realize much more than the crop of last year, in consequence of the ravages of worms.

—THE cashier of the United States Treasury is now shipping daily to different parts of the country—principally South and West—about \$25,000 in fractional silver. The demand for fractional silver has doubled within the past month. The orders are mostly for dimes, half-dimes and quarters.

—GREAT excitement has been caused throughout Australia by the discovery of the Temora gold field, near Sydney. The rush of people into the township increases daily, men arriving even from Victoria. The great drawback to the field is want of water for puddling purposes. Gold is being struck very freely.

—THE last quarterly payment of pensions has been the most speedily accomplished of any ever known, considering the number of pensions paid. The agents paid 184,000 pensions in the first ten working days, and ended with the fifteenth at night. Of these 24,000 were personal payments, made to the pensioners at the several agencies.

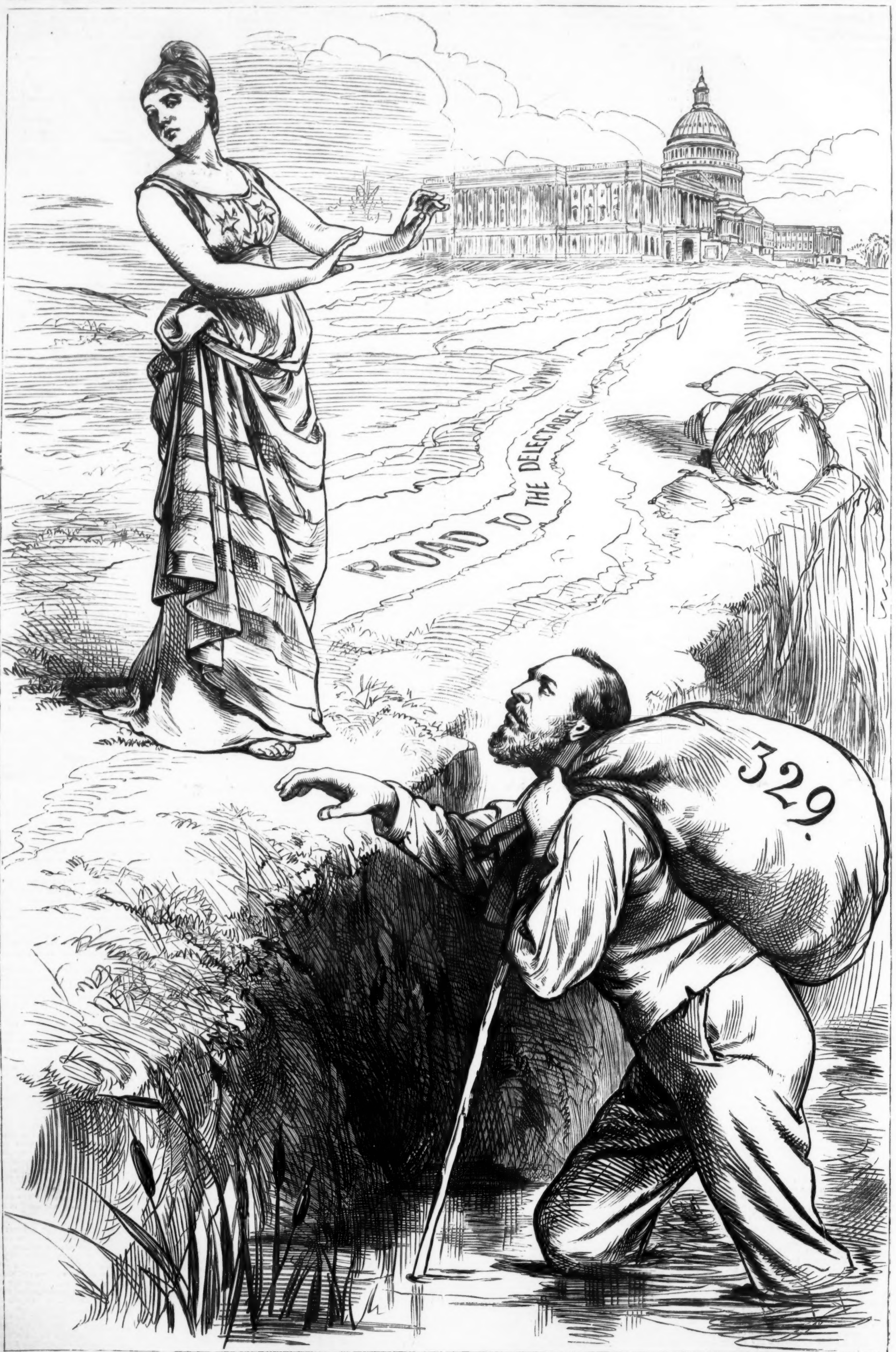
—THE Ecumenical Methodist Conference, which is to assemble in the City Road Chapel, London, in September, 1881, will be composed of four hundred members—two hundred from Great Britain and two hundred from the United States and Canada—one-half ministers and one-half laymen. The conference will have no legislative or administrative functions, but its object will be to promote union and to stimulate to more zealous Christian effort.

—THE charters of two of the notorious bogus medical colleges in Philadelphia have been annulled by the courts, with the consent of the notorious Dean, John Buchanan, who was at the head of both institutions. The charters confiscated were those of the Eclectic Medical College and the American University of Medicine, of Philadelphia. From Buchanan's own admission there have been sold in this country and Europe nearly 40,000 bogus diplomas from the two institutions.

—THE Mexicans have given a brilliant reception to the daughter of General Ord, who married General Trevino. On the evening of the 15th of August a grand ball was given at El Teatro del Progreso in Monterey, in honor of General Trevino and lady, by the governor and civil and military dignitaries of the State. The theatre was handsomely decorated, about 5,000 colored lights contributing to the general effect. The floor for dancing was covered with dark Brussels carpeting, sprinkled over with gold leaf. The attendance was greater than at any ball for the last ten years, and the display of costumes was brilliant. A free bar was kept, where wines and liquors flowed without stint. The dancing lasted from 10 P. M. to 4 A. M.

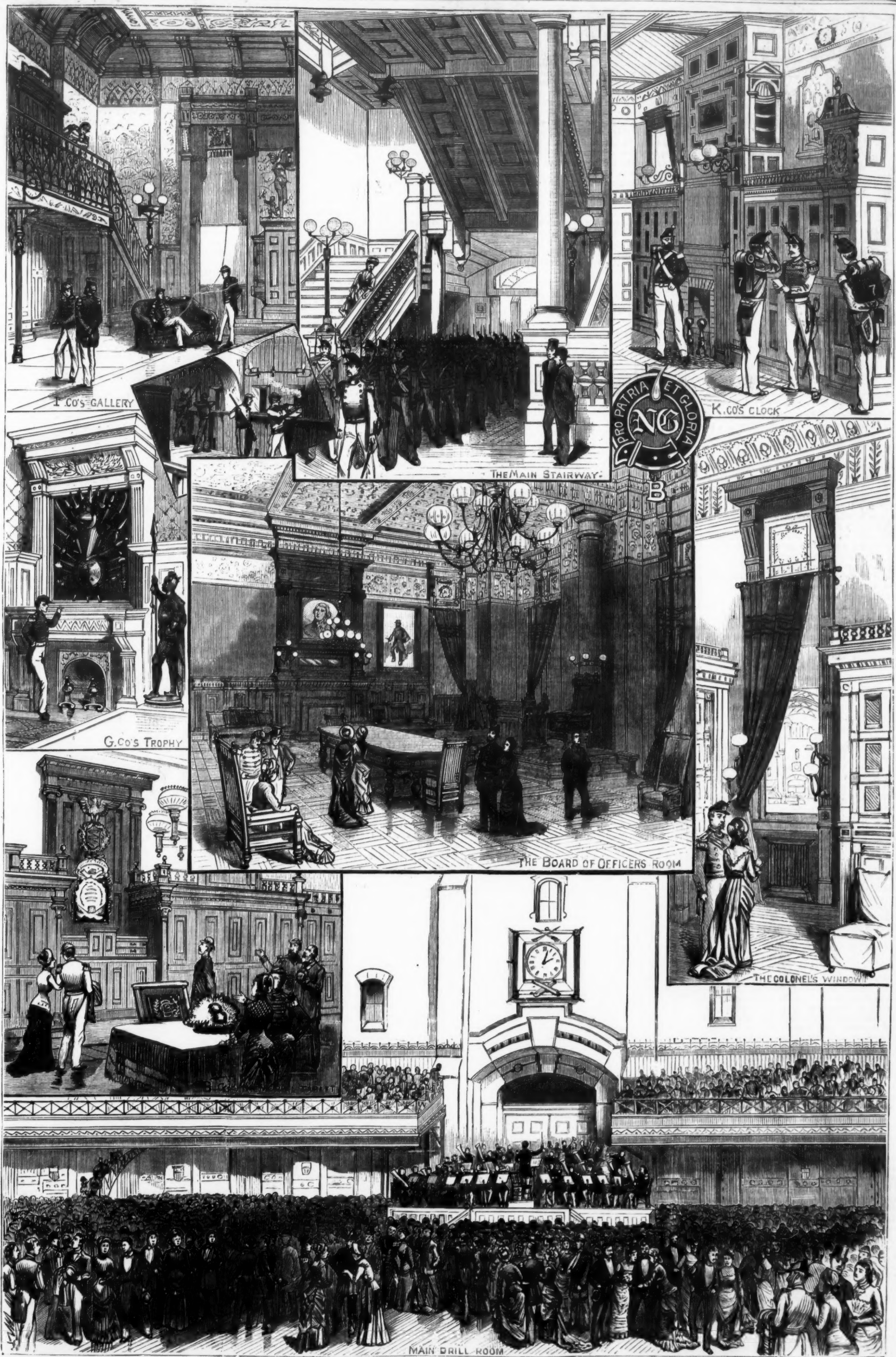
—THE business of the Manhattan Beach hotels during the recent season was fifty per cent. greater than in 1879. An idea of the number of guests at the Manhattan Hotel during the season may be obtained from the following statement of expenditures: For fresh meats, \$58,319; smoked meats, \$3,677; poultry and game, \$15,137; fish, \$10,710; clams and oysters, \$6,329; soft crabs, \$2,765; fruits and vegetables, \$13,230; milk and cream, \$6,474; coffee, \$2,861; butter and lard, \$9,521; eggs, \$2,786; groceries, \$19,688; lemons and oranges, \$1,804; salad oil, \$720; crackers, \$260; soap, \$1,051. To these figures about two-fifths should be added for the Oriental Hotel and one-fifth for the Pavilion and Point Breeze Hotel.

—THE official returns of the foreign commerce of the United States during August show a continuance of heavy gains, both in exports and imports, as compared with last year. The value of merchandise exported again foots up heavier than that of merchandise imported, and the balance on the side of exports since January last shows further augmentation, contrary to general anticipation. Merchandise importations during the month reached \$56,266,021, an increase of \$13,183,252, or about 30½ per cent. over last year. In merchandise exports the increase is \$8,502,242, or about 14½ per cent. Of merchandise and specie combined, the month's exports were \$1,678,850 in excess of imports; while of merchandise exclusively, the balance on the side of exports proves to be nearly \$11,000,000. For the first month of the second year of resumption of specie payments, the treasure import exceeds that for the corresponding period last year by \$2,083,921.



"CHRISTIAN" GARFIELD'S SLOUGH OF DESPOND.

"Wherefore Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone; but still he endeavored to struggle to that side of the slough that was still further from his own house, and next to the wicket-gate; the which he did, but could not get out because of the burden that was upon his back."



NEW YORK CITY.—THE NEW ARMORY OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y.—THE RECEPTION ON SUBSCRIBERS' DAY, SEPT. 30TH
SEE PAGE 107.

UNDER THE LILACS.

FOR A PICTURE.

WITH her head in languorous guise
Under fragrant lilacs blending,
And her half-drooped, amorous eyes
Their coquettish glances sending,

She waits where the wild-bees hum
And the butterflies flit and hover,
She tarries to hear him come—
Her supple and straight-limbed lover.

But she will not turn her head
Or move her small foot to meet him;
Her heart may beat to his tread
Yet her lax hand will not greet him;

Till the blossoms around her fall
Like Danae's golden shower,
And she stoops her form so tall
To taste of her mouth's red flower.

And then with a low, glad laugh
She will lean her head on his bosom,
And when he love's wine would quaff
I know she will not refuse him.

Will the sun-warmed hours wane?
Will the bees and the sunlight leave them?
Can love, who has found these twain,
Of his fragrant shade bereave them?

JOHN MORAN.

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MESHES," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.—A FAITHFUL LOVE.

GYPSEY is a widow, and a lovely widow does she make. She sits now in a large armchair, a picture of pensive loveliness. She is dressed in some dark, rich morning robe, which enhances the delicacy of her rare complexion. Her bright brown hair—the hair that poor Jack loved so well—is coiled up in heavy braids low in the neck, and ornamented with strings of jet, which also adorn her throat and arms. Her eyes, of the deepest, loveliest azure, are bright and filled with a sunny light of expectancy.

She makes a rare picture, sitting in that long, vaulted old apartment of the Russian castle, and looks thoroughly contented with herself and the world. No wretched memory comes to her of the loved and lost, who in former days sat in this same apartment with her, though their empty chairs are still by the hearth. Not a cloud is upon her perfect brow. To do her justice, both Maize's misfortune and Jack's death were at the time great shocks to her, and her weak nature almost sank under them.

But after the first blow she rallied; with one of her variable, versatile nature, no emotion could be lasting. Jack, poor dear! was dead, and no amount of grieving could resurrect him; while at the same time she would be ruining her complexion and damaging her eyes. Maize's fate was also irremediably fixed—that fate from which had it been possible, she would have saved her—and it was equal madness for her to fret her life away about the inevitable; and nothing is so detrimental to beauty as fretting. And, although at two-and-thirty a woman is not a Methuselah, still she has arrived at that point where a reckless disregard of her personal advantage is not desirable. Sometimes in the still small hours of the night a memory comes to her that is not pleasant, and a phantom that chills her blood. It is not possible for her to entirely banish all memory of the girl, who for her weakness is dragging out her life in exile.

And it is in such moments that Jack's full loss sweeps upon her; if she could hear his brave, bright voice, if she could feel the loving touch of his hand, these harrowing fancies would be swept away. But as he is gone, she philosophically calls to mind that respected adage of "spilled milk," and covers up her head and goes to sleep, remembering that nothing is so disastrous in its consequences to beauty as loss of sleep. Besides, a fat sorrow is much better than a lean one; and, in point of this, she is very well off indeed. Although of late years their financial affairs have been somewhat complicated, the sale of the Schaffuskie Lands in a measure restored their wealth, and now that the family is lessened by two, why, the bank account is sufficient to keep her and Valentine in luxury for the rest of their lives. And, too, Lady Ashhurst tells herself, there is a possibility—nay, a probability—that she may in the future exchange her title for another which will bring with it greater wealth.

As she sits now, evidently awaiting the arrival of some one, a step sounds in the hall and pauses at the door. She springs to her feet and stands in a listening attitude, while still the invisible person stands motionless as though gaining courage or composure before entering. When her impatience has almost reached its climax the door is flung open and on the threshold stands—yes—Chetwood! His large dark-gray eyes fasten upon that lovely picture—Gypsy, standing, with her graceful, slim figure bent slightly forward, her lovely mouth half-parted in a smile of expectation, and over her beautiful face the sweetest, faintest wild-rose flush.

Chetwood himself is little changed since the days of our first acquaintance with him at Brighton. His face is still filled with that fair, Saxon beauty, though upon his low brow are worn a few lines by his weary waiting. In his eyes, as he looks at this woman, shines all that mighty, patient love he has borne for her all these many years. Though he has striven to compose himself, he is frightfully agitated, and his breath breaks from him in sharp gasps. He stands for a moment motionless, then with one bound he gains her side, and has her two

small hands grasped tightly in his, while his eyes look down at her in piteous yearning.

"Oh, my love! my love!" The words are scarcely audible, but with the keenness of vanity she hears, and over her lovely, bright face spreads a radiant smile. She is not touched with the patience and fidelity of this man's love. She does not see how near to sublimity approaches this steadfastness of years. It is only the fact that by her beauty and his infatuation she has chained him to her side, though for years the wife of another; that, now that she is free, one word from her has brought him to this distant land; it is only this fact that she is capable of appreciating.

At last the soft murmur of her voice brings back his senses.

"I am so glad that you have come; it is so kind of you. Yet how could I expect it? I was amazed when I got your letter saying that you were coming. If there had been time I should have written to you and forbidden it." She tells this lie unblushingly. "But you were already on your way when it arrived. And yet," blushing adorably, and giving a dainty pressure to the hands that cling so tightly to hers, "I—I am very glad to see you, and it seems very like old times." The faintest quiver of the childish lip, which, to do her justice, is sincere; in this moment a swift, brief vision of the past sweeps upon her with crushing force.

"Could you doubt that I would come?" he says, passionately. "I should have been here long before, only that I did not know I would be welcome. After I received your letter there is nothing in the world could have kept me from you. One word from you, and I would go to the furthest end of the earth but for one look at your face."

It is not until evening has fallen and they sit together in the red light of the fire that he is composed enough to converse rationally. Then looking at her with his great loving eyes, he says:

"You are not changed a particle since you left England, yet what seas of trouble you have seen!"

"Trouble!" She shudders; somehow to-night the past is heavy upon her. "Yea, I have been nearly crushed with it. I only wonder that I have lived." The small hands lock convulsively, this time without any affection.

He is silent with his native delicacy, refraining to allude more directly to past events.

"Poor Jack!" she continues; "but I am trying to teach myself to be resigned to his death. But, Maize—oh, Dredmond!—did you ever know anything so horrible? Sometimes it seems as though I must go mad!"

"It is horrible!" he replies, with a shudder. "I can't persuade myself that it is true; it seems like a horrid nightmare. Now that I am with you, it seems harder than ever to realize. I am listening constantly for her step. Good heavens! it is the most shocking thing I ever knew!" he rises and paces the floor excitedly.

"What do the people in England think?" she asks, behind her handkerchief.

"No one will believe her guilty. We all know that some horrible mistake has been made. My God! I don't wonder it killed poor Jack. And I suppose nothing can be done for her?"

"Nothing. The English Government communicated with the Czar in her behalf, but it was of no use. They were determined she should suffer. Oh, my poor child!" Gypsy is now sobbing convulsively, and Chetwood, pausing behind her chair, reaches over and takes her hand.

"Do not grieve so, dear—Gypsy. I must call you 'Gypsy.' And yet I know that a sorrow like yours is almost insupportable. But I should have thought Toboskie could have saved her. At one time, in England, it was reported that they were betrothed."

"They never were betrothed, because I know Maize would permit of no conversation upon such a subject, but I know he adored her. And yet he refused to save her. He believed her guilty."

Chetwood looks perplexed.

"Then he suffered the most of the two," he says, after a pause. "Heavens, how I pity that man; for one of his nature there is but one love, and nothing of more value than it, save his honor. He always had that strong, high sense of honor. When we were boys at school he was characterized by it. Oh, how I pity him! How does he bear it?"

"People say that life is killed for him for ever," Chetwood does not see that her small hands are clinched, or he would not be telling himself that he was mad to fancy that she cared for Toboskie in the past. "Society sees nothing of him. He devotes himself entirely to political affairs, and has grown colder and haughtier than ever. Occasionally I meet him in the street, and his face always looks cut in stone, so hard and icy is it. If he suffers, he shows no other signs of it."

"Ah, but he does suffer!" says Chetwood, lowly. "He is not a man with weak and transient emotions. In the dead hours of the night he wrestles with the anguish that I know is for ever present with him. His race is strong, desperate, reckless; but above everything else is their pride, and he will bear his misery in secret until he can endure it no longer, and then he will calmly blow his brains out. That is what it will end in—suicide."

An exclamation of horror bursts from Gypsy, and all the rich color recedes from her face.

"Pardon me if I have shocked you," murmurs Chetwood, tenderly. "I ought to have been more considerate. If possible, we will let unpleasant subjects go for to-night. Raoul has my deepest sympathy, though I am well aware that if I were to mention the subject it would be almost at the risk of my life. I shall see him in the morning. First of all I came to you."

The color struggles back to her face, and she smiles a sweet, alluring smile at his adoring glance. He looks at her hungrily, yearningly.

"It doesn't seem possible," he murmurs, "that I am indeed with you. Oh, Gypsy, Gypsy, let me tell my story. Now that the barrier is swept away, why should I not speak?" He has come to her side and knelt down beside her, looking up in the soft, alluring heaven of her eyes. She shudders a little with nervous excitement, and for an instant a vision of Jack shuts out the delicate, beautiful face, with its pleading passion.

"Oh, Gypsy, I must speak, though I have nothing new to tell. You must long ago have divined my secret. The first time I ever saw you, standing by Jack's side, his child-bride, from that moment I loved you—loved you as never man loved woman before, I think. All through the years that have kept you from me there has been a heavy ache upon me. I could not forget you though I tried. I can't understand it. I have called myself a fool and a villain, and sworn that I would have done with the accursed nonsense of loving another man's wife. I have tried to love other women, but it was impossible. Gypsy, no other woman has ever entered into my heart, or even touched it. And now that I have the right, I ask you, will you be my wife?" No shadow comes across that lovely face as the old, sweet solemn words fall upon her ear. No memory of that far-distant past, with its sin and weakness, smites her conscience as again she holds in her soft small hands the destiny of another high and lofty life. Fickle, shallow, erring as she is, it has always been this woman's lot to hold in her thankless possession that most valuable of all treasures—a man's true and unchangeable love. Vain, faithless and weak, nevertheless, the best, the purest, the noblest of two men's lofty natures have been hers.

And outside, as she listens to the tender, wooing words of her lover, sweeps a carriage containing a single occupant—a man with a face cold and set as stone, with eyes dry and lustreless, with mouth drawn in hard, deep lines of silent suffering—a man whose whole life is wrecked and laid waste, whose dead and solitary existence holds nothing save the ghastly phantom of a dead love and a shattered faith, between whom and all semblance of rest and contentment there is an impassable gulf, and whose entire soul is filled with a torturing and never dying misery. It is the great statesman, on his way to a state dinner—Toboskie, with his inner life burned away to dust and ashes. And further away in this ice-girt land tows upon the rough bed of the convict the delicate form of the girl who has gone down beneath the waves of an adverse fate—that form, tenderly nurtured as a royal princess, now throbbing with the pain of labor, the torture of exhaustion, and the soul struggling with its evil and its good, in deadly peril of utter destruction. And still further away, far, far away in old England, this same moonlight streams through the narrow, deep-set window of an ancient chapel and lights cold and gleaming upon the tall, white marble shaft that designates the spot where Jack, the last of the haughty lords of Ashhurst, lies slowly crumbling to dust—Jack who, of the three, has the more merciful fate.

But no thought of this comes to the woman in her lovely witchery; the death and destruction that have marked her path leave her entirely untroubled. She smiles down in her lover's eyes, her own unclouded in their sunny insouciant laughter, their dewy lustre, while she weighs, with that cold, calculating exactness, the advantages of his offer. Wondrous and angelic in innocent and infantile loveliness, she is nevertheless by nature selfish and mercenary to the core. And while the great, loving heart awaits in a torture of suspense her answer, she recounts his merits—financially. He is wealthy, has many titles, and, besides all, is very handsome and attractive; and she likes him really very well, and, poor fellow, he is so desperately in love!—suppressing a smile.

Yet in this moment comes to her a memory of that haughty statesman who has heretofore resisted her witchery. If it were possible for this woman, with her inherent selfishness, to experience any true emotion, it is for this man—the only love ever denied her in her sunny, triumphant career, though that denial has become very dear to her. She yearns to rouse in that frozen, locked-up breast all those swift, fiery, dangerous emotions that she knows are the characteristics of his race. Once, she muses, she held that strong, haughty, dominant soul fast bound in the thralldom of passion; surely her loveliness that then broke down the icy barriers of his nature has not yet lost its potent spell. Far back in the azure depths of her eyes gathers a spark of fire as upon her fastens the desperate resolution of seeing this man and making one final effort to win the one love that she has ever valued. Yet, with natural shrewdness, she determines not to refuse her companion until she has cast her last chance of winning Toboskie; and then, if that fail!—her hands clench and that desperate spark deepens—why, she will marry Chetwood and go back to England.

"Gypsy, you are very cruel!" murmurs her companion. "Will you not answer me? See! I have come all the way to Russia to hear your answer! Surely—surely you will reward the patience and long waiting of my love!"

"But it is so soon," she whispers, while a rosy flush creeps over her face, and her eyes look down. "Dredmond, you are so impatient and—"

"Impatient!" cries Chetwood, in pain. "How can you accuse me of that? I have waited years for you; I would wait years longer if it were necessary. But as it is not, why, Gypsy, take pity on me!"

She looks up at him shyly through her thick, brown lashes.

"Would you take me back to England?" she says, in a half-whisper.

"Anywhere!" he cries, rapturously. "You shall be my queen, I your slave. I will know no will save your wishes."

"And—and—may I have Valentine with me?"

"Certainly," he responds, eagerly. "I wouldn't think of separating you from your life-long friend. My darling, you shall have anybody, everybody with you, if you will only put your little hand in mine and say, 'Dred, I will be your wife.'"

And she does "lay her little hand" in his, but discreetly refrains from uttering the words, complacently reflecting that she can easily recede from this unspoken betrothal if she be successful in that purpose which she resolves to execute on the morrow. Chetwood scarcely misses the words. In his strong, warm grasp lies her hand, and in her sweet, blushing face, her downcast eyes, he reads his answer. Without a word he catches her in his arms and strains her to his breast. A few minutes later, with her sweet, willful imperiousness, she dismisses him, and, with a heart beating with wild rapture, he returns to his hotel.

CHAPTER XLII.—A RELAPSE OF GYPSEY'S OLD MALADY.

IN the sweetest of morning robes Gypsy stands waiting in the reception-room the next morning. She has appointed an early hour that she may be uninterrupted in her interview by the impatient Chetwood. She has to wait but a few minutes before the door is thrown open and "Count Toboskie" is announced and shown in. He at first believes the room deserted, but as he advances he beholds that lovely vision, as Gypsy stands in her dainty robes, her face pale, her eyes unusually bright with excitement. A shudder convulsed him. Of this woman, lovely in her radiant youth, he has always had a mortal abhorrence, and now the sudden sight of her brings a harrowing memory of the woman he has loved and lost, of the man he saw fall dead at his feet. To his deep, haughty, repressed nature the coming to this house has been an agony that could never touch a weaker one. Every muscle in his magnificent frame quivers with fierce suffering as he glances around this apartment, wherein he has so often sat with one now far away dragging out her life in the bondage of shame and bitterness. In this moment that proud, unnatural suppression of weary months is very near exhaustion, and under this ordeal, which is like tearing asunder the festering wounds of his heart, his strength almost deserts him.

As Gypsy sees his stern, set face, with its icy grandeur, his deep eyes cold and questioning, as he stands towering above her in his haughty and perfect manhood, her courage oozes out at her finger-tips, though over her sweeps all the strength and the passion of her futile love. She sinks down upon the divan and looks up at him with her great azure, piteous eyes, while her small hands clasp in her lap. A shuddering horror and aversion seizes him. Something in that look brings back to him that night many years ago when, through this woman's weakness, he gave way to the one act that stains his honor—that branded him a false friend to Lord Ashhurst, whose hospitality he had enjoyed, and whose hand he had taken in friendship.

"You sent for me, my lady, and I came as soon as possible." His voice is chill with a mortal coldness. "May I ask in what way can I serve you?"

Her hands lock more tightly, and upon each cheek burns a scarlet flame. All semblance of composure and dignity are swept aside. Still she remains silent.

"Have you business with me, madam?" he urges. "Though I shall be most happy to serve you, I must remind you that my time is limited."

Gypsy springs to her feet; her eyes, passionate, beseeching, intense, look straight into his.

"I sent for you," she says, in excitement, "because I am so lonely and miserable. I sent for you because you once were Jack's friend—or professed yourself such—though since his death you have never once visited his widow or befriended her in any way. Why is this? In common humanity, stricken as I have been, I should have thought you would have tendered your sympathy occasionally, and for the sake of your dead friend been a friend to one he loved so dearly!"

Despite his shrinking dislike of this woman, that stern sense of right that has always actuated him shows him that her accusations are just.

"I acknowledge," he says, lowly, "that I have been selfish, and, perhaps, even brutal in my sorrow. I have neglected you, it is true. But the only plea that I have to offer is that in the past year I have grown insensible to every tie that once bound me. I have grown hardened to everything and everybody."

Gypsy's breath comes sharply, and under the rich lace which is a dainty pretense of concealment, her white breast heaves convulsively; she knows only too well what has occasioned this entire oblivion and withdrawal from society. She lifts her face with its dangerous loveliness; her eyes, passionate and alluring, look straight into his. But he is invulnerable to her beauty. Once it moved him—the weaker, mere animal portion of his nature; but even that cannot be touched by her now. His blood is like ice in his veins, his once fiery impulses burned to ashes. Looking at this woman, whose favor even royalty has coveted, there is no more of passion in him than in a block of stone.

"Can nothing rouse you from that lethargy?" she murmurs, and draws nearer him. "I will not feign ignorance; I know what has changed you so vastly. But—is it sensible to mourn after the inevitable? Because you once loved

a woman unworthy of your preference, must that fact necessarily deaden you to all future joy? There are other women—women, perhaps, as lovely and alluring as she; and you are young yet, do you willingly cut yourself off from all chance of happiness, will you starve and outrage all the quickness and impulse of your nature?"

Toboskie's eyes grow chill and dangerous. "Did you send for me to converse upon this?" he says, haughtily.

"I did," she cries, in the abandonment of her weakness. "I sent for you to see if I could not rouse you from this dead existence, to show you that there are other women in the world besides Maize"—a swift quiver crosses the strong, cold face at that name—"women who are more worthy of your preference, and who would love you in return; who are not blocks of ice as she was."

"Madame!"—there is a desperate wrath in his tones that for an instant appalls her—"this is a subject that I have never allowed discussed in my presence, and your imprudence compels me to say that I think you take an unwarranted liberty in addressing me in this manner."

"Ah! you love her yet," she cries, scornfully, driven frantic with rage and disappointment. "You love her, the convict and exile!"

Her words lash him into a wild, brave, untamable fury. (To be continued.)

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY.

THE new armory of the Seventh Regiment, National Guard of the State of New York, was thrown open to visitors on Thursday last—"Subscribers' Day." Twenty-five thousand invitations had been issued to public and military officials and to subscribers to the building fund, and the occasion was very generally embraced to inspect this magnificent and enduring structure, which is at once an honor to the city, and to the regiment of which it is the home. The building is bounded by Park and Lexington Avenues, and Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh Streets. The main entrance is on the west side. On entering the building, a walk across the main hall brings one at once into the enormous drill-room, 200 feet by 300 feet in size. The roof is supported by eleven enormous iron trusses, which are elegantly finished with fresco-work. Indeed, the entire drill-room is finished in brilliant colors, in order to dispel the natural gloom which pertains to a room of such vast size. There are thirty-three large reflectors suspended from the roof in three rows. There are galleries at three elevations on the west side, and a long one at the eastern end; also numerous seats on the floor along the northern and southern walls, furnishing altogether a seating capacity of 1,000. These seats are all to be numbered. One thousand muskets, the entire arms of the regiment, are arranged compactly in glass cases on the west wall of the drill-room. The room is lighted by electricity. At the east end of the room is a large clock, also a temporary music-stand, only to be used on special occasions, which can be taken apart in sections and stowed away in an hour's time.

A spacious hall extends from the north to the south end of the building on all three of the floors, from which the various rooms open. On the right of the entrance to the drill-room is the room of the superintendent and armorer, where the muskets are cleaned. Next to this is a squad-drill room. There are two of these on the first floor and two more on the second, the latter being provided with extensive washing apparatus. The visitor next enters the colonel's room, which is on the southern side of the building. This is the only room which is finished in black walnut. In it, and inclosed in a glass case, are the colors that are carried on parade. Small toilet and dressing-rooms open out of the colonel's room, and there is a window through which a view of the large drill room may be obtained. Near the entrance to the colonel's room, at the lower end of the hall, is a bronze statue of Mercury, won by the regiment at Creedmoor three years ago.

Crossing the hall, the officers' room is entered. Here are about twenty valuable flags, inclosed in cases, which have been presented to the regiment during the last fifteen years. Over the fireplace is a large painting of Washington. On the right of the painting of Washington is a life-sized portrait of Colonel Clark in uniform. Passing north, the next room is the general reception-room. This is tastefully fitted up in maple, and contains two handsome oil-paintings. Further north is the entrance to the building. Two bronze tablets adorn the walls on either side, that on the left bearing the inscription:

"Seventh Regiment Armory, erected by the Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., Colonel Emmons Clark commanding, aided by many citizens of New York; 1877-1880."

That on the right bears the names of the Building Committee, the architect, builders, engineers and all engaged in the work of completing the structure. The library, 25 x 40 feet, is next entered. This will not be completed for some time. It is to be finished in mahogany, will have a gallery entirely around it; it will contain 15,000 volumes. The books are to be entirely upon military subjects. The veterans' room, north of the library, is also still unfinished. It is to be of oak, with walls containing iron panels. The veterans' room is in the northwest corner of the building; it is 40 x 40 feet in size, and is to be finished in antique style; it will have a rich ceiling of wood panels. Across the hall is the field and staff room, 25 x 40 feet, with a finish of mahogany in its natural state. South of the field and staff room is a squad drill room, and then comes the quartermaster's room.

Passing up the main staircase, the first gallery is reached, commanding a fine view of the drill room below, and then a few more stairs bring one to the second floor. On this floor are the rooms of the adjutant and those of the ten companies of the regiment. These apartments are all well worthy of inspection, as nothing that fancy could suggest or art supply has been omitted to suit the varying tastes of the members. The fireplaces in most of them are marvels of ingenious design and faultless execution. On the third floor are the rooms of the drum corps, the memorial room, squad drill-rooms, gymnasium, etc. There is also a room for the band of the regiment, which has just been organized with fifty-four members, led by a former assistant of Mr. Gratiola, who retires on account of ill health.

In the cellar are six rifle galleries, each 300 feet in length, with a narrow walk along the side on which open numerous magazines. Here are also several rooms containing extra lockers, benches for repairing muskets; a sitting-room where smoking is allowed, etc., and the boiler-room, which contains four immense boilers.

The armory building has cost \$450,000, and the finish of the interior entailed an expense of \$150,000, \$140,000 of which was realized as the proceeds of the great fair, while the remaining \$10,000 was paid from the regimental fund. The expense of the building itself was covered as follows: Subscriptions of citizens and ladies, \$100,000; regiment,

\$80,000; veterans, \$27,000; banks and other corporations, \$33,000; loan \$150,000; miscellaneous, including grand ball, \$60,000.

THE PAN-PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL.

THE sessions of the Presbyterian Council, at Philadelphia, during the past week, were marked by great interest, many of the discussions touching upon vital questions of church polity and belief. All the sittings were attended by large audiences. The morning sessions were held at Horticultural Hall, and those in the afternoon and evening at the Academy of Music, the great capacity of which was sometimes taxed to accommodate the crowds pressing for admittance. No religious convocation of recent years has attracted larger attention, or is apparently destined to exercise a more pronounced influence upon the future life of Presbyterianism than this, which included some of the very ablest representatives of that particular denomination. Among the subjects considered during the week were "Creeds and Confessions," the "Revision of the Bible," "Presbyterianism and Education," "The Relation of Presbyterianism to Civil and Religious Liberty," "Final Retribution," "Church Extension and the Evangelization of Ireland," "The Conflict between Faith and Ritualism in Holland," "Theology of the Reformed Church," "Church Discipline, its Province and Use," "Church Order and Life."

One of the most notable discussions of the council was that on "Agnosticism." In this discussion Professor Flint, of Scotland, who had said in a paper that the failure to comprehend or believe portions of Presbyterian dogma was to be overcome not by church discipline so much as by more faithful study and explanation of dogma, was assailed as having "sneered at church discipline." This accusation was taken up by Rev. Principal Grant, of Canada, who said, with an emphasis which created a profound sensation, "We do err if we say the Westminster Catechism is beyond the region of inquiry. Creeds grow, and how can there be growth unless there is liberty of thought. You say to a minister, if he has his doubts about the accuracy of your interpretation, 'Go out of the church.' You say no honest man should stay in it if he has doubt. You call him dishonest if he does stay in. I say no, no. Let the Church cast him out if it will. Is the Church afraid of liberty?" were Principal Grant's closing words, and he said them in ringing tones whose echo seemed to be heard above the applause they occasioned. Another divine, Rev. Mr. McDonald, of Toronto, spoke in the same vein. He asked whether it was expedient for the Church always to exercise its unquestioned right of disciplining. "The question to day is, What is faith? A young man full of the desire to preach salvation and, believing that he is prepared for it, is brought up all standing by the creed. He can't make it all out, in the way the Church interprets it. What are you going to do with him? Shall he be forbidden to preach? He asks you whether you have any right to impose on him conditions that Christ did not impose. I suggest that you reduce your creed to a few well-defined articles that are absolutely essential, and require your minister to stand by these and hold his own views about the non-essentials." There was more applause when this daring divine had finished. The whole discussion was a triumph of the champions of free thought, and its significance cannot be mistaken by any thoughtful mind.

Another important discussion related to the revision of the New Testament. Dr. Schaaf, the eminent Biblical scholar of this city, announced that the New Testament revision was almost completed, and, at the furthest, might be expected by February. He thought the council should take some action in the matter and report at the next meeting, four years hence. Judge Strong further elaborated this idea by making a motion that the revised edition be recommended to the careful consideration of every church represented in the Alliance. This resolution was referred to the business committee.

The Hon. William E. Dodge, of New York, read a paper on temperance, which was an earnest argument in favor of prohibition. He said that there are in this city 10,000 places for the sale of intoxicating drinks, and seven-eighths of these places are kept by foreigners. Interior Department returns, he asserted, show that there are in the United States 5,852 distilleries, 2,830 breweries, and 175,266 places where intoxicating drinks are sold, involving annually a direct outlay and waste of not less than \$700,000,000, and an indirect loss in the cost of crime and pauperism of \$700,000,000 more, while to the financial loss must be added the destruction of not less than 100,000 lives. The Christian Church, he said, had the remedy in its hands.

The council authorized a committee to consider and report on the creeds at the next council. A report of the Committee on Foreign Missionary Work suggested the establishment of a great training college at Peking, China, and urged a more energetic prosecution of mission work in heathen and pagan countries. The report stated that 2,000,000 pagans had been rescued from darkness during the past twenty years by Protestant missionaries, and referred to the greater facilities and advantages that may be now enjoyed by mission workers. The Rev. Dr. Paxton, of New York, submitted from the American portion of the committee a written history of the mission enterprises connected with the following churches: The Presbyterian Church of Canada, the United Presbyterian Church in the United States, the Reformed Dutch Church, the Reformed Presbyterian Church (General Synod), the Associated Reformed Church, the Presbyterian Church (North), and the Presbyterian Church (South). A summary of the statistics submitted in the report may be thus stated: Missionaries in the field, 195; native missionaries, 135; native licentiate and preachers, 198; medical missionaries and teachers, 118; American women connected with the missions, 266; native teachers and Bible-readers, 894; communicants, 18,371; scholars in boarding-schools, 1,691; scholars in day-schools, 12,987.

The next Council will be held at Belfast, Ireland, in 1884.

REMOVING THE OBELISK TO ITS SITE.

FOR the removal of the obelisk from the platform at the foot of Ninety-sixth Street to the site selected in Central Park, the stone is enveloped in a heavy plank box which shows its shape. Underneath the obelisk at the outer edges are iron rails grooved on the bottom. Under these rails are other rails with grooves facing upwards, and between the two are cannon-balls. One hundred feet from the railroad tracks, which are eighty feet from the original position of the obelisk, is an anchor—a large pile driven in the ground and braced—and about thirty feet beyond, wire ropes are wound around a huge boulder to stay the anchor. From this anchor to the railroad tracks runs a chain of studded links, which are made of 2½ inch round wrought-iron, where it is attached to a fourfold pulley-block worked by two-inch ropes. The ropes of this pulley stretch across the railroad tracks and run through a similar block which is attached to the upper rails on which the obelisk rests. One end of the pulley is made fast to the block nearer the anchor, and the other end, after passing around the pulley blocks four times, follows the chain up to the anchor, there goes through a single block which pulls the end of the large chain, and then stretches about 250 feet down to the water's edge, where it is wound upon the drum of a thirty-horse power engine. The blocks at the railroad tracks can be unhooked at a moment's notice and a train allowed to pass by. The obelisk itself weighs 196½ tons, but the box-worked is weight, that as it lies on the tracks it weighs 200 tons. With the tackle used on the first day of the removal a force of

about twenty-five tons had to be exerted by the engine in order to move the monolith. The iron balls are used because they have the greatest strength and present the least friction of any kind of roller. As the cannon-ball apparatus is likely to be clogged up by a little dust and dirt, it is intended to use the ordinary double-flange rollers between the running tracks after the railroad tracks are passed, because much dirt, etc., will inevitably get into the machinery as the obelisk is drawn along over the streets. The course it will follow is up Ninety-sixth Street to the West Boulevard, down the West Boulevard to Eighty-sixth Street, across Eighty-sixth Street to Fifth Avenue, down Fifth Avenue to the Metropolitan Museum entrance to Central Park, and from there across on trestle-work to the site—a distance of 9,700 feet. The length of the trestle bridge is 870 feet, and it is in process of construction now in Jersey City. The obelisk will be carried about four feet from the ground all the way to the Park. It probably will reach its destination in about thirty days.

SIGNOR RAVELLI.

A VERY bright, particular star has appeared on the operatic firmament. Mr. Mapleson has unearthed a glittering jewel—a blue diamond. He has discovered a brand-new tenor. Society is enraptured, fascinated; it gushes, it explodes, and the name of Ravello is now upon the lips of double duchesses. A few weeks ago and no one had heard of Signor Ravello; to-day not to know all about him is "bad form." Chance, luck, *kismet*, played the highest card in the pack for this son of song when Mr. Joseph Maas, being announced for the part of *Edgardo*, at Her Majesty's, London, felt it his duty to insist upon a full-dress rehearsal. Not to be up in the score of "Lucia" seemed so ridiculous that the management pook-pooked the rehearsal, especially as every square inch of time was occupied with Boito's "Mefistofele," and Mr. Joseph Maas, in a pet, threw up his engagement. What was Mr. Mapleson to do? Where was *Edgardo*? It was four o'clock, and in four hours the *crème de la crème* of upper-tendons would be languidly occupying boxes and seats. "*Edgardo* is such a charming rôle, you know!" It was four o'clock, and the *impresario* was—no, Mapleson is never hurried, he's always as cool as an iced cabbage-leaf—he was calmly considering the best thing to be done to soothe the denizens of Mayfair and Belgrave, when a hungry and seedy Italian was announced. "I want a chance," said the man. "I am a tenor." "Here's a chance," said Mapleson: "Can you sing *Edgardo*?" "I can." "Just let me hear a few notes of 'Fra Poco.'" The seedy one obeyed. "That will do," cried the *impresario*. "You'll sing *Edgardo* to-night."

The seedy one muttered something about the suddenness and the want of rehearsal. "Take your chance," said Mr. Mapleson. Arrayed in a stock costume, gorgeous in moldy velvet and dingy spangles, the seedy one appeared on the stage. The audience received him with contemptuous silence. "Where was Maas?" Before the end of the first act his fortune was made. Society "rose" at him. By the time that *Edgardo* had asked *Lucy Ashton* if she recognized his handwriting, Mr. Mapleson's handwriting was to a contract of a different nature, and when the curtain rang down on the death-agonies of the luckless cavalier, Ravello was in everybody's mouth. We shall hear the wondrous tenor during Mr. Mapleson's coming season, and the aesthetic musical world of New York may fairly anticipate a phenomenal treat.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

German Physicians assert that railway employés are more liable to affections of the spinal cord than other men.

Immense Quantities of implements belonging to the stone and bronze age have just been discovered near the rapids of the Dnieper. It is also said that an ancient boat, dating back to the time of Rurik, has been unearthed.

At a Recent Examination for admission to the British Indian medical service, out of twenty-six successful candidates, nine were natives of India. A Mohammedan from Oudh passed fifth, closely followed by a Brahmin from Bengal.

The French Branch of the International African Association have lately appointed M. Mison, a naval officer, to be the chief of the station in West Africa, for which M. Savorgnan de Brazza is now endeavoring to find a suitable position on one of the affluents of the river Ogowe.

The Russians have at last figured out how much ammunition they used in their late war with Turkey. The infantry fired 14,325,342 shots, the cavalry 1,917,026, and the artillery 187,793, making a total of 16,431,161. These figures indicate that in order that one man may be hit, about 150 shots have to be fired.

The Danish Scientific Expedition to Siberia, under M. Tegner and Captain Hage, is reported to have reached Semipalatinsk on June 30th, and to have started again for Veroye a few days later. A subsidiary object of the expedition is to endeavor to establish commercial relations between Denmark and that part of Siberia.

M. Lacroix has offered to lead an exploring expedition to Central Africa for the purpose of solving the Ogowe problem, which was not entirely cleared up by M. Savorgnan de Brazza's journey. It is thought by some that this river is connected with a large waterway across the centre of Africa, extending nearly to Lake Albert, on the other side of the continent.

A Discovery has just been made by M. Toussaint, a professor of the veterinary school at Toulouse, by which he has succeeded in inoculating animals with vaccine taken from an infected one, and rendering them proof against epidemics, such as pleuro-pneumonia, etc. M. Pasteur, it is well-known, was successful in vaccinating poultry, and thus preserving them from the attack of what is known as chicken cholera.

The Systematic Excavation of ancient sites in Egypt is being bitterly opposed in many parts of the globe, and societies are being formed to prosecute parties and corporations engaged in the work. Several prominent Egyptologists have promised their support to these societies, and we learn that a Miss Edwards contemplates a tour of the United States, at an early day, with the object of assisting the fund, and working up a sentiment against the excavators.

A Little Time Ago workmen employed in making the road to Zéa, discovered, quite close to the bay of Zéa, some ancient walls. The archaeological society had a clearance made, and the excavations revealed that a theatre dominating the bay once stood on this spot. This theatre, the existence of which was asserted by some travelers and contested by others, is undoubtedly that of which Xenophon speaks (Hell. ii. 4), and is quite distinct from the theatre of Mycenæ, the ruins of which are seen in the extreme distance, at the northeast of the bay of Zéa.

The Second International Geological Congress will be held at Bologna in September, 1881. It is proposed to award a prize of 5,000 francs for the best international scale of colors and conventional signs for the graphic representation of formations on geological maps and sections. Each scale should be accompanied by an explanatory memoir and a sufficient number of maps and sections relative to regions of different geological characters; for the memoirs the French language is recommended. The scales and memoirs should be addressed, before the end of May, 1881, to the President of the Committee, Signor J. Capellini, 65 Via Zamboni, Bologna.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SPEAKER RANDALL has gone to Ohio to participate in the Democratic canvass.

UNITED STATES SENATOR ANGUS CAMERON, of Wisconsin, declines to be a candidate for re-election.

A MARBLE statue of Senator Blaine has just been completed in Rome by Mr. Simmons, who pronounces it his best work.

THE will of the late H. M. Spofford, contestant of the seat of Senator Kellogg, of Louisiana, shows that he owned \$154,000 in United States bonds.

MR. WILLIAM MCARTHUR, member of the House of Commons for Lambeth, has been elected Lord Mayor of London. Mr. McArthur is a Liberal.

It is now stated that the marriage of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Mr. Ashmead Bartlett will be celebrated in October, the precise date being kept a secret.

THE Executive Committee of the Republican National Committee will meet on October 14th to receive General Grant, who is expected to arrive in this city the evening before.

COLONEL JAMES G. FAIR has written a letter to prominent citizens of Virginia City announcing his readiness to accept the nomination for United States Senator from Colorado.

THE Rev. Michael A. Corrigan, D. D., Bishop of Newark, N. J., has been appointed coadjutor to Cardinal McCloskey, with the rank of archbishop and the right of succession to the archbishopric.

COLOSSAL statues of Michael Angelo and Albert Durer, by Mr. Ezekiel, the American sculptor in Rome, have been received at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington. They are companion statues to his Phidias and Raphael.

MR. P. T. BARNUM is a practical worker in the field of temperance as well as lecturer. He offers to give \$1,000 towards a reading and amusement room in Bridgeport, where young men may find sociability away from the saloons.

MRS. CHALMERS DALE gives the town of Monson, Mass., \$25,000 for a granite building for a public library, in memory of Horatio Lyon, her father, a leading manufacturer of the town, and his widow \$20,000 for an endowment fund.

THE widow of the late Mark Hopkins, in an answer to a petition filed in the Probate Court of San Francisco, by one of the heirs, for the revocation of letters of administration issued to her, says property to the value of nearly nineteen millions has already been divided among the heirs.

LATE advices from the Presidential party are to the effect that the President and family will probably remain in the West until after the Presidential election. They expect to reach their home at Tremont, Ohio, during the latter part of October and to remain there until the November election is over.

MR. JAMES W. MACKAY, the "Bonanza" millionaire, is a collector of agates. When Mrs. Hayes and her traveling companions inspected Mr. Mackay's collection, during the Presidential visit to Virginia City, they were much pleased with the agates, and each received a handsome specimen as a present.

MRS. PRUDENCE LARKIN died at Hancock, N. Y., a few days ago, at the age of 104 years. She was born in Delaware County in 1776, and had always lived within the limits of the county. She never rode upon the cars, and never saw a telegraph-wire. Several of her children, between seventy and eighty years old, survive her.

THE Count de Chambord completed on Wednesday last his sixtieth birthday. The occasion was celebrated by about a dozen banquets in various parts of Paris, and a commemorative Mass at the Church of St. Germain des Pres was attended by a thousand persons. Masses were also celebrated at Marseilles, Bordeaux and other towns.

SIR ANDREW BARCLAY WALKER, ex-Mayor of Liverpool, who gave several hundred thousand dollars for a magnificent art gallery in that city and whose statue was recently unveiled there, is traveling in Southern Colorado, in company with Mr. Pearson, another ex-Mayor of Liverpool, who has purchased property in Colorado.

A PLEASANT feature of ex-Senator Simon Cameron's visit to Indiana was the renewal of his acquaintance with Dr. John G. Kennedy, of Acton, after a separation of sixty-two years. The former is eighty-one and the latter eighty-eight. Mr. Cameron learned the printing trade of Dr. Kennedy's father. The old friends found themselves standing on the same political platform.

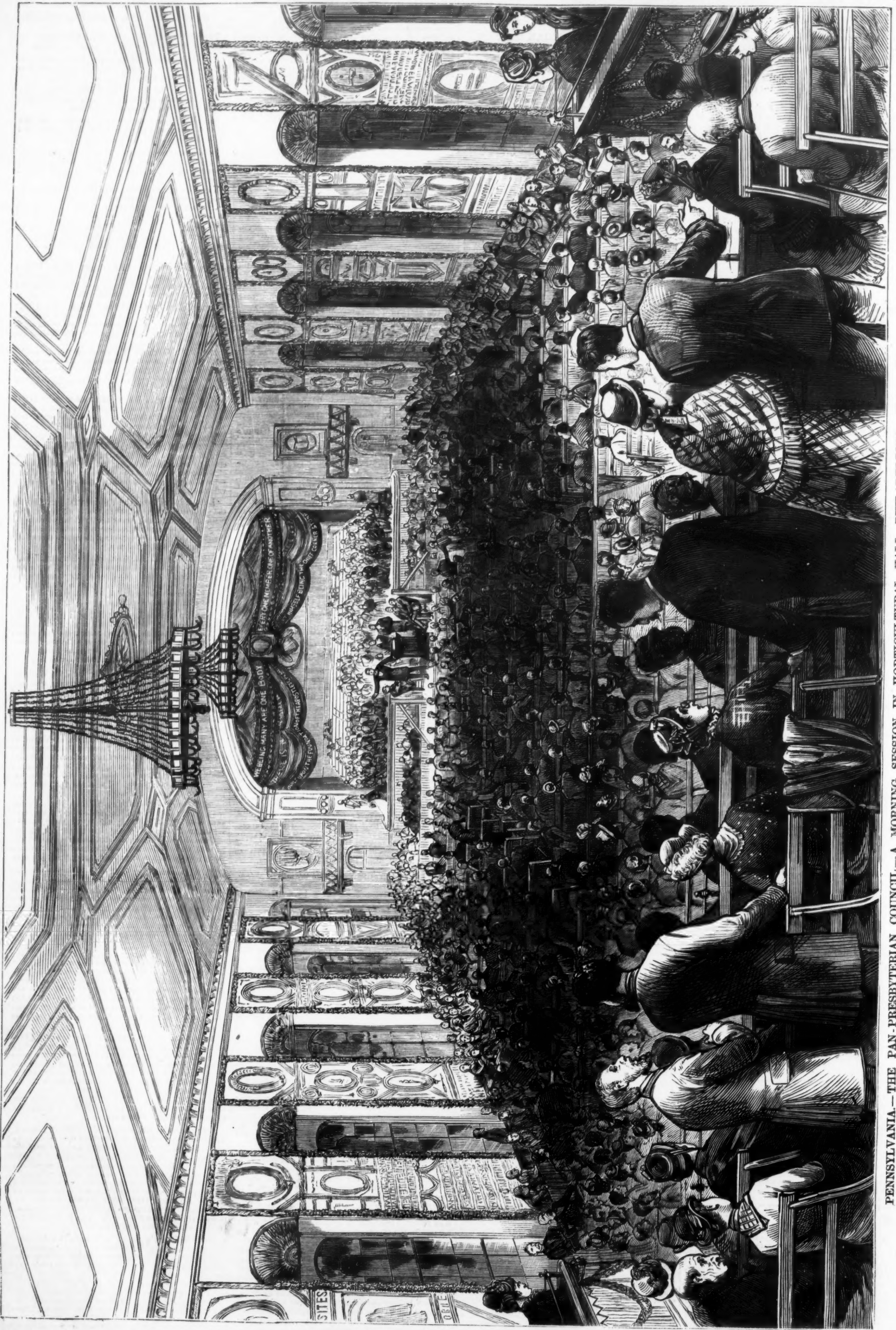
THE Empress Eugénie, it is said, has decided to leave England, being moved to that determination by Parliament's setting its face definitely against the erection of a monument to the Prince Imperial in Westminster Abbey. She will probably go to reside at her Château d'Arenenberg, Switzerland, and her present intention is to erect a mausoleum wherever she fixes her residence, and remove the remains of her husband and son from England.

PRINCETON COLLEGE has just received the princely gift of \$100,000 from Mr. Robert L. Stuart, one of New York's most public-spirited citizens. It is given in trust for the support of such professorships as are not now endowed or only partially so. It is said that the Theological Seminary at Princeton also receives \$100,000 from Mr. Stuart for the endowment of a new professorship, which the Rev. Francis L. Patton, of Chicago, has recently been invited to fill.

THE death is announced, at the age of eighty-eight, of the Countess Lucia von Wrangel, born a Von Bulow, widow of the deceased Field Marshal of the same name, who preceded her to the grave about three years ago. Married in 1810, the departed lady celebrated her golden wedding in 1860 and her diamond one in 1870—a very rare achievement even among the robust and long-lived gentry of Prussia. In the Countess von Wrangel the poor, the sick and the afflicted of Berlin lose one of their most charitable friends.

THE venerable *littérateur*, S. C. Hall, of London, writes to General Wilson, of New York City, that he has abandoned the great metropolis, where he has lived for half a century, for a beautiful cottage in Surrey, near Hampton Court, which will hereafter be his permanent residence. At Christmas Mr. Hall will withdraw from the editorship of the *Art Journal*, which he has conducted for the long period of forty-one years, and of which he was the founder in 1839. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hall are still in the enjoyment of good health after a happy married life of more than fifty years. They celebrated their golden wedding in the Summer of 1875.

MINNIE HAWK's parlor in London is a particularly pleasant though small room. The opera piano is covered with opera scores; on the tables are albums of letters from kings and queens and poets; there are volumes of autograph music from Abt, Liszt, Wagner and others; there are bits of china and water-color about, and an aggressive little dog (a royal gift) lies on his gay cushion in a place of honor. She sings fifty operas in German, Italian, French, Hungarian and English. She was educated in a French convent, but learned to speak among the Creoles of New Orleans, where she lived while General Butler was in command of that city.



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE PAN-PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL—A MORNING SESSION IN HORTICULTURAL HALL, PHILADELPHIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 107.



FRANCIS W. DAWSON, EDITOR OF THE "NEWS AND COURIER,"
CHARLESTON, S. C.—FROM A PHOTO. BY F. A. NOWELL.

CAPTAIN FRANCIS W. DAWSON,
EDITOR OF THE CHARLESTON "NEWS AND COURIER."

CAPTAIN FRANCIS W. DAWSON, editor of the Charleston *News and Courier*, was born in London, England, May 17th, 1840. Having acquired a good education, he engaged for a time in literary labors, but becoming interested in the struggle of the Southern States in 1861, he enlisted as a sailor on the Confederate steamship *Nashville*, and, immediately that vessel had run the blockade at Beaufort, N. C., was appointed master's mate in the Confederate Navy. This was early in 1862. After serving for a short time at Norfolk, he resigned his naval commission and took service as a private in a battery attached to the Army of Northern Virginia. He participated in the Peninsular campaign, being wounded at the battle of Mechanicsville, and was promoted to a lieutenantcy for his bravery, and ordered to duty with Longstreet's corps, as assistant advance officer of which he served until the Fall of 1864. After the battle of South Mountain, in 1862, he was captured, but was subsequently exchanged just in time to take part in the battle of Fredericksburg, in December of that year. He was with Longstreet through Gettysburg and his East Tennessee campaign, and by his side when wounded at the Wilderness. In the Winter of 1863-64, he passed an examination for promotion, and received his commission as captain of artillery in May, 1864. After his promotion he was relieved of his command at his own request, and appointed Ordnance Officer of Fitzhugh Lee's Division. In this capacity Captain Dawson served through the Valley Campaign and at Five Forks on March 31st, 1865, where he was wounded in the shoulder.

At the end of the war, being penniless and homeless, Captain Dawson first found employment as a bookkeeper in a drygoods store in Petersburg, Va., but his literary tastes still predominating, he soon found employment in a journalistic capacity in Richmond, where he remained until 1866. In the Fall of that year he became assistant editor of the Charleston *Mercury*, which

position he filled until October, 1867, when he bought an interest in the Charleston *News*, which he published as joint owner until 1873, when the *Courier* of that city was purchased and consolidated with the *News*. The *News and Courier* at once took a leading place in journalism, and now its influence is not second to that of any newspaper in the Southern States.

Captain Dawson was the pioneer in the organization of the Southern Press Conference, and upon the organization of the State Press Association in South Carolina, was made First Vice-President, becoming subsequently President of the body. He has taken a prominent part in the politics of the State ever since the war, and has pursued a consistent conservative course. So anxious has he at all times been for the peaceful arbitration of great political questions, that he has frequently fallen under the displeasure and censure of the extreme men of his own party, who have said many hard things of him to their own discredit and to the injury of the cause. But his influence has remained unbroken, and he is to-day in every respect an acknowledged, potential leader of his party. He opposed the nomination of Wade Hampton and a straight-out Democratic ticket in 1876, believing it to be best to acquiesce in the retention of Governor Chamberlain. This caused him to be denounced with especial bitterness, as did his own denunciation of the Hampton massacre. Upon Hampton being nominated, the *News and Courier* wheeled into line, and it is not too much to say that without its efforts Hampton would not have been elected. Captain Dawson is now the member of the National Democratic Committee from South Carolina, and was a delegate to the Cincinnati Convention from the Charleston District. It is a prime rule of his life that a journalist, in the active pursuit of his pro-



GENERAL HARRIS M. PLAISTED, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MAINE.
FROM A PHOTO. BY L. C. DILLON.

feccion, should not accept any public office of profit, and he has acted upon this from the beginning. Captain Dawson has been twice married. His present wife is a daughter of Hon. Thomas Gibbs Morgan, of Louisiana, and sister of the present United States Minister to Mexico. Being now in the prime of life, with his powers at their full, doubtless his future career will be even more distinguished than his past.

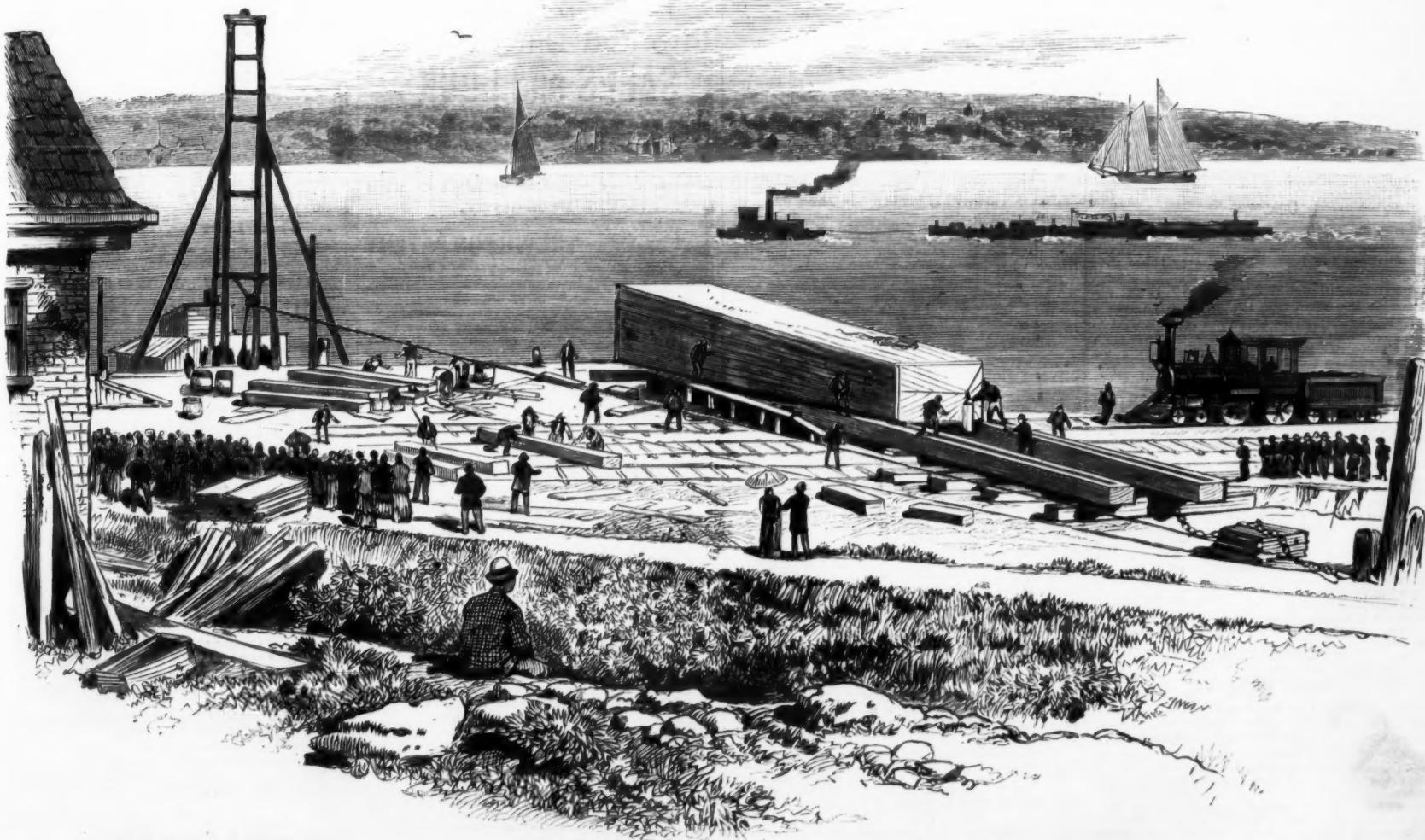
HON. HARRIS M. PLAISTED,
GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MAINE.

GENERAL HARRIS M. PLAISTED, Governor-elect of Maine, was born in Jefferson, N. H., on November 2d, 1828, and was brought up on his father's farm, working during the summer months and teaching school in winter. He finally graduated at Colby University in 1853, and at the Albany Law School in 1855, when he was admitted to the bar, and began the practice of the law in Bangor, Me., in 1856. He served in the Union army throughout the war as Colonel of the Eleventh Maine Volunteers, and received at its close the brevet of Major-General. In 1867-68 he sat in the State Legislature; was a delegate-at-large to the National Republican Convention in 1868, and served as Attorney-General of the State during 1873-75. In 1874 he was elected to Congress from the Fourth District by about 1,000 majority, but was not a candidate in 1876. In that year he was an earnest champion of Mr. Blaine's Presidential claims. When General Plaisted received the Greenback nomination for Governor, in June last, he made a speech in which he set forth his present peculiar views in the following strain:

"I am utterly opposed to the system that would trim the currency of the country to a coin basis, a system that will end but in forcing the nose of the people against the grindstone. Then, the system of national banks is to be considered. I do not blame the bondholders; they are looking after their own interests, and man-



SIGNOR RAVELLI, THE DISTINGUISHED ITALIAN TENOR.
FROM A PHOTO. BY ELLIOTT & FRY.—SEE PAGE 107.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE REMOVAL OF THE OBELISK FROM THE FOOT OF NINETY-SIXTH STREET TO THE SITE IN CENTRAL PARK.—SEE PAGE 107.

is selfish. I stand, however, on the platform of Thomas Jefferson—equal privileges, no special privileges, equal rights for all. It is not the use, but the abuse, of government that we would abolish."

Iron Steamboats.

A COMPANY has been formed in New York City whose purpose it is to build a fleet of iron excursion boats intended for the navigation of the Hudson River, New York Bay, Long Island Sound, and other waters. Eight or nine boats will be built at once. Each of them will be divided into not less than 12 water-tight compartments, and provided with improved compound engines, steel boilers and all appliances conducive to comfort, safety and speed. It is designed to make them perfectly seaworthy, so that they can be sent for winter use to Savannah, Charleston, Florida and New Orleans, and it is expected that their average rate of speed will be not less than 20 miles an hour. The company proposes to build 30 of these steamboats between now and 1883, the year of the proposed World's Fair. The total amount of the capital stock is \$10,000,000, which is divided into 100,000 shares of the par value of \$100 each. The sum of \$500,000 has already been pledged.

South American Pampas.

THE South American correspondent of the London Times writes: "The Provinces of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo are as yet far from being overcrowded; but an immigrant will not fare worse for going further for elbow-room, provided he be as careful to insure free and easy communication as a good general would be anxious to keep within reach of his base of operations. There are rivers in this region navigable by steam for thousands of miles, and the railways, which seem to have been providentially invented to serve the purposes of American colonization, are already reaching the borders of the Grand Chaco, the Grand Pampa, Patagonia and other great deserts, where land is to be had for the mere asking, and where the red Indian has ceased to be the bugbear he was, and cannot be made to face a breech-loading rifle. The land is in the main an immense flat, no doubt; very large tracts of alluvial soil, without a tree or a pebble; part of it mere swamps or salt wilderness. But even these thousand miles of unbroken level are not without a peculiar beauty of their own; their boundless horizon and awful solitude; the freshness and purity of the atmosphere, and the keen enjoyment of unlimited freedom. Nor, apart from intercourse with his fellow-men, is a man here crushed by the sense of utter forlornness; for nothing is more striking than the teeming life of the animal kingdom in the pampas—the abundance of game, the storks and herons, the owls and hawks, the flights of wild turkeys and flocks of ostriches, to say nothing of ubiquitous pteropero and chattering little cardinal; a multitude and variety of fowls and brutes—nameless to me as well as numberless—the gayety of whose plumage and fur, and the strangeness and wildness of whose screeches and howls a settler will always and everywhere have with him, and which will only gradually make room for the flocks and herds, the barking and bellowing, the crowing and cackling, of his domestic surroundings. Life in the pampas is life in the saddle, for the very beggar here is mounted; and, away from rail or tramways, neither for sex nor age is there any other practicable, or at least endurable, means of locomotion than on horseback; and the horses are fleet and sure-footed, brave as lions and gentle as doves, and their purchase and keeping cost little and their stabling and shoeing nothing."

A Chinese Secret Political Organization.

THE Society Ge Gung Tong, which is an organization of Chinese, banded together for mutual protection and relief, and having for its main object the overthrow of the present Emperor, whose predecessors overran China with a host of Tartars and set up this dynasty in conquered Cathay, have just completed a very fine three-story brick building in Spofford Alley, San Francisco. The building is the headquarters of the society, which numbers ten thousand Chinese in California and about one million five hundred thousand in China, and cost with the ground about \$10,000. The structure is divided into offices, joss-temples and conference rooms, which are all fitted up with an elegance eclipsing that of any other building in Chinatown. Bronzed dragons, hideous-looking deities and attending angels are grouped together in untold numbers and with truly Oriental taste. The dedicatory exercises began one night recently, and continued one week, and consisted of unlimited feasting, offering of devotions, and burnt sacrifices of sacred paper, celestial candles and fruit, and other food offerings to the all-powerful and inexpressibly ugly-faced "josses." The society also provided a free-lunch throughout the week for about two hundred of the poor, the halt and the blind of their members who might be in the city. Delegations of the society's officers are in attendance from Sacramento, Nevada City, Grass Valley, and other large towns in the interior.

Dulcigno.

ALTHOUGH Dulcigno, pronounced like an Italian word, has been made very prominent lately by dispatches from the East, it is quite probable that many newspaper readers scarcely remember to have heard of it until the recent trouble between the Albanians and the Porte. Dulcigno is playing a much more conspicuous part than it is entitled to by any importance of its own. Its momentary fame is accidental, like the fame of so many insignificant points that have been the scene of military operations and military movements. Philippi, Blenheim, Leuthen, Actium, Wagram, Austerlitz, Waterloo, Bosworth, Antietam, Pittsburg Landing and Woerth, are notable examples. Dulcigno is an inconsiderable town and seaport of European Turkey. Province of Albania, is situated on the shore of the Adriatic, fifteen miles southwest of Scutari. The inhabitants were long notorious for piracy, but are now comparatively law-abiding, being mostly occupied in the oil and coasting trade. It is the seat of a Catholic Bishop, and has a population of some seven thousand, about half of whom are Turks. It was anciently known as Oicinium, and the Turks call it Oigone. It is perched on Cape Kadille, a rocky peninsula. It might be made a very strong place, and would at any time be hard to take, if vigorously defended. When the present Turkish-Montenegrin-Albanian flurry shall have passed Dulcigno will sink into its former obscurity, like some Western politician, who has managed, for the hour, to draw the eyes of the nation to his rampant absurdity.

Precious Manuscript.

THE manuscript of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, recently discovered by two German scholars in the palace of the Archbishop of Rossano, is made of purple parchment, and the material used throughout the writing is silver, except in the first three lines in each Gospel, where the letters are golden. There is only one other manuscript of this kind in existence containing any portion of the New Testament, and it is in a mutilated condition, four of its leaves being in London, six in Rome, two in Vienna, and thirty-three have been more recently discovered in the island of Fatmos. The present

volume, on the other hand, consists of one hundred and eighty-eight leaves, and contains the whole of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and the Gospel of St. Mark down to the middle of the fourteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter. All the criteria used in judging of manuscripts indicate the end of the fifth or beginning of the sixth century as the date of this. The manuscript is written in uncial characters, with two columns in each page. There is no separation of words, no breathing, no accent, and only the slightest attempt at punctuation. There are capitals double the size of the uncials, and the Eusebian canons may have been given, for it contains a portion of the letter of Eusebius to Carpius, and there is good reason for conjecturing that this was followed by a table of the Eusebian canons.

A Young Girl Sleeps for Many Months.

SCARCELY less astonishing than Dr. Tanner's recent feat of fasting is the condition of a young lady, the daughter of the Mayor of Grambske, a village near Bremen, in Germany, who is said to have been fast asleep ever since the second week in January, with the exception of a few hours of semi-wakefulness at intervals of from six to eight weeks. An interesting account of her extraordinary state is published in the *Hanover Courier*. It appears that she lies, plunged in a profound slumber and entirely unconscious of all that goes on around her, night and day, reclining on her left side, warmly covered up and with a light gauze spread over her head. Nourishment, chiefly in a liquid form, is daily administered to her, which she swallows without awaking for a second.

She is a pretty, slender girl, of a pallid complexion, but she does not lose in weight during her trances of from forty to sixty days, and, when awake, exhibits a cheerful disposition and an eager desire to perform such small household tasks as her strength enables her to fulfill. Her father is a well-to-do man, who has consulted several eminent medical men, in the hope of discovering some remedy for his daughter's abnormal condition, which entails serious inconvenience and constant anxiety upon the other members of his family; but all efforts hitherto made to keep the unlucky girl awake have resulted in total failure. Since the case of the sleeping Uhlman at Potsdam, no such interesting subject for study and observation on the part of the faculty has arisen as that of the strangely somnolent burgomaster's daughter of Grambske.

AMUSEMENTS.

COLONEL MAPLESON will open the season of Italian Opera at the Academy, on the 18th of October, with "Lucia." Gerster, Gallassi and the new tenor, Ravelli, are in the cast. About two hundred good seats have been added, and the advance sale indicates a very prosperous season. Several new operas will be produced, of which the announcements will soon be made. Arditi will wield the baton.

JOHN HABBERTON'S play, "Deacon Crankett," at the Union Square, is a revelation. It contains a deacon without cant, and a good villain—surprises in their way. The story, simply told, of home-life in New England, with a genuine Bible-reading deacon for a hero, is natural and bids fair to prove one of the few dramatic successes of the day. It is well acted and carefully put on the stage.

THE regular season at the Union Square opens with "Daniel Rochat." It is likely to run till the close of the season.

FUN.

"In what condition was the Patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Brooklyn Sunday-school teacher of a quiet-looking boy at the foot of the class.

"Dead," calmly replied the quiet-looking boy.

A DRUNKEN fellow meeting a man coming out of an undertaker's shop with a small coffin under his arm, a short time since, asked him what he had got there. "A new coffin," he replied. "Well," said the barmy chap, "can't you afford to treat on it?"

"How are you coming on with sea-bathing?" asked a gentleman of an invalid. "Splendid! I bathe three times a day." "How do you like it?" "The doctor says I must take a toddy after each bath to restore the circulation—that's how I like it!"

AN old farmer's wife who had a servant that was notorious for breaking dishes, on one occasion fell asleep in church. During her slumbers her elbow unluckily overturned a Bible, when, to the amusement of her fellow-worshippers, she was heard to mutter in a very audible voice—"Another bowl, ye hissele."

HE was lying in front of the store door when the Galveston merchant came out, and, stirring him up with the toe of his boot, said: "Are you drunk?" "You bet." "Then you move off from here." "Are you drunk?" queried the inebriate. "No; I am sober," was the indignant response. "Then you can move off from here a sight easier than I can."

A TALL, slab-sided Yankee, who strolled down Manhattan Beach last month, on seeing the bery of beauties disporting in the waves, burst into a fit of enthusiasm. "Je-ru-sa-lem! if that don't jest remind me of something good we have to hum." "What is that?" remarked a friend, who heard him. "What is it?" said Jonathan, smacking his lips—"why, 'lasses in water.'"

IT is asserted that, after a few drinks of both liquids, no man can distinguish claret from butter-milk by the taste, and this statement has been proved by experiments. There is nothing remarkable about that, however. Beyond a certain point, which is ordinarily reached by 1 A. M., few men can tell the difference between whisky and seltzer, especially if he takes them together.

THE minister stopped at a house last week, and sought to improve the time by giving an eight-year-old boy an instructive lesson in morality. "My boy," said the minister; "I have lived forty-five years, and have never used tobacco in any form, nor told a lie, nor uttered an oath, or played truant, nor—" "Gimminy crickets!" interrupted the lad, "yer ain't had no fun at all, have ye?"

DR. R. V. PIERCE, CONSULTING PHYSICIAN to the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., has resigned his seat in Congress that he may hereafter devote his whole time and attention to those applying to the WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION for the treatment of Chronic Diseases.

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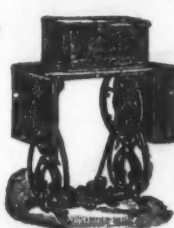
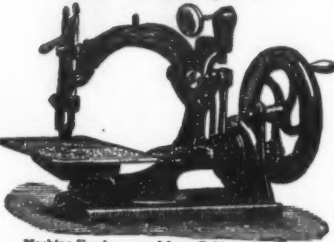
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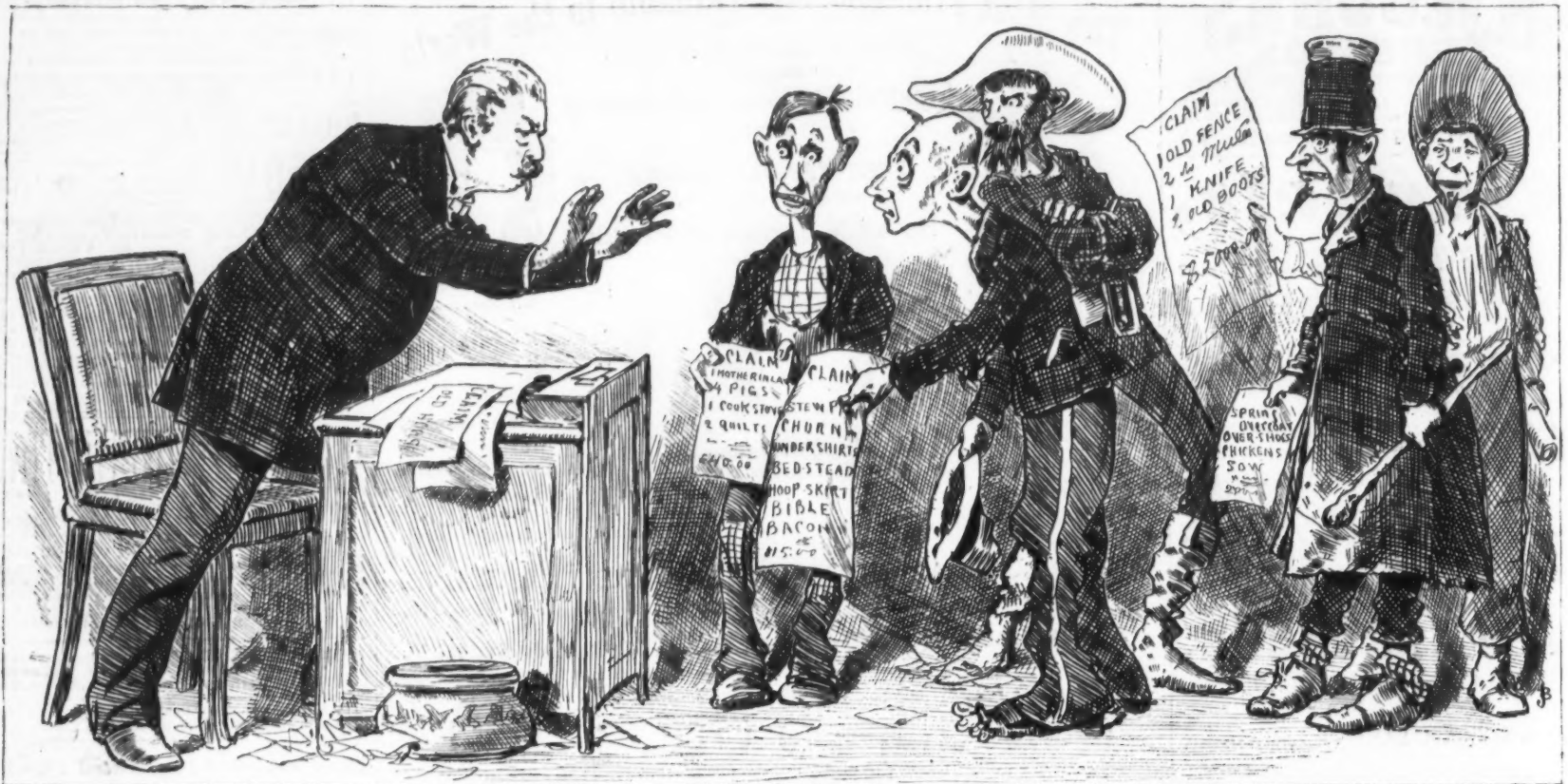
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PRESIDENT HAYES IN CALIFORNIA.

THE visit of President Hayes and party to the Pacific slope has been attended by hearty demonstrations of satisfaction by the populace everywhere. The popular reception of the distinguished visitors in San Francisco was especially cordial. The population of the city turned out *en masse* to welcome the chief magistrate of the nation. Flags were displayed from all the buildings, public and private, and the principal streets were gayly decorated with bunting. The President was escorted to the Palace Hotel by a procession of militia and civic societies, the streets being densely thronged. The decorations of the Palace were superb. In the courtyard the most prominent feature was a large golden star, twenty-two feet in diameter, suspended from the centre of the roof, from between the points of which were extended six wide streamers of red, white and blue, reaching to the sides and corners of the yard, the corner ones falling below the second floor. Between the second and fifth floors, on the four sides of the quadrangle, were placed shields, 25 by 12, bearing the names of four Pacific States and Territories, bordered with evergreens and surrounded with flags, the one on the north side being mounted with a large American eagle. The two largest of the flags surrounding each of these shields measured thirty-six feet in length. The balustrades of the sixth, fifth, fourth, and third floor galleries were tastefully relieved with stars of silver and gold and shields, between which were entwined long stringers of evergreens. Dependents from the second floor were nineteen varicolored Venetian banners, on which were the names of the Presidents of the United States, the name of "Rutherford B. Hayes" occupying the post of honor; on either side the names "Lincoln" and "Grant," and opposite, the names "Washington," "Adams," "Jefferson." Between the columns, separating the arches of the courtyard proper, were flags of all nations, loaned by the authorities of the Navy-yard, bearing shields, with the names of the principal cities on the Pacific coast and stands of ancient battle-axes. The arches themselves were draped and festooned with curtains of a rich gold color, falling in graceful folds, with a blue tassel in the centre. On the west side, directly facing the entrance, were two large and costly silk flags of the Stars and Stripes, thrown back and showing in the centre a large portrait of President Hayes. On the pavement surrounding the driveway and at the several doorways were set large stands of palms and ferns.

The suite of rooms occupied by the President and family were numbered 119, and were situated on the second floor of the hotel. They were four in number, being parlor, dining-room, and two sleeping apartments, all of which were furnished especially for this event. The parlor was especially elegant in its appointments. It was furnished in ebony and gold, and the furniture was covered with maroon satin. The floral decorations were at once elegant and unique.

The President, having visited the principal points in California last week, proceeded to Oregon, where he was welcomed with processions, illuminations, etc., in all the towns through which he passed.

IRON MINING IN TENNESSEE.

THE most abundant and valuable minerals of Tennessee are coal, iron and copper. The iron industry, with which we have to deal at present, springs primarily from four distinct belts or areas. The eastern belt stretches across the eastern part of the State, at the base of the border range of mountains, extending into Virginia on the northeast and Georgia on the southeast; the drystone belt skirts the east base of the Cumberland table-land, extending beyond the limits of the State on the northeast and southeast; the Cumberland table-land belt is co-extensive with the great coal-field; and the western belt crosses the State north and south, and lies mainly between the Central Basin and the Tennessee River.

While the State has been in the fullest possession of advantages for making iron, in the abundance, cheapness and contiguity of ore and of fuel, the industry has been greatly retarded by the want of adequate means of transporting either the ore or the iron to markets. To-day iron-working is thriving as never before, because of the extension of the vast railroad system of the State; and yet all that is being done is but a small percentage of the results that may be achieved when the facilities of transportation are still further increased. So learned an authority as Commissioner Killebrew is quite sanguine that with close connection with Nashville, with a prospect of a navigation of the Tennessee River from Knoxville to its mouth, and on the completion of the canal around the Muscle Shoals, the time is not far distant when the various deposits will be worth many millions of dollars. A special advantage of these ores over most ores is their adaptability for steel-making. All analyses heretofore made of the ores of the Western iron belt show them to be low in phosphorus and sulphur, and, indeed, the ores found in Stewart County show no sulphur, and only 16-100 to 24-100 of phosphorus. Long before the war, these ores were used in the

manufacture of the best steel used in the South. A short time ago a heavy iron dealer of Pittsburgh, Pa., visited Tennessee to examine into her mineral wealth, and to ascertain the point nearest Nashville where iron ore abounded in the greatest quantities. He was taken to Hickman County, sixty miles distant from Nashville. Attaining the top of a mountain-mass of iron ore beholds, as far as the eye can reach, one vast, inexhaustible bed of iron of incalculable value. Upon reaching the point indicated the Pittsburgher grew fairly enthusiastic with the scene that lay stretched out before him. Said he, as he lifted his hat in the warmth of his admiration, "I have visited the iron regions of Champlain, I have been to the ore-banks of Lake Superior, I have stood on the Iron Mountain of Missouri, but I declare to you that I see here around me more iron ore than can be found in all three of those places." As a rule, the plateaus are well wooded, and many of the streams afford good working-power.

Our illustrations show the methods of mining and manipulating the ore at Carter's Furnace, near Knoxville, where the latest advancements in the industry may be witnessed. In the other belts mentioned, the same enterprise is now displayed.

periods of low water, one great point aimed at in the construction of vessels to navigate the Ohio is the greatest lightness of draught consistent with carrying capacity. The necessity for this is at once apparent when it is known that a depth of five feet of water does not exist during one-half of the year on the upper river. Steamboats are all flat-bottomed and are all high-pressure, since low-pressure boats would require additional weight of machinery. The boats on the upper river can be run with profit on as little as three feet of water, but every additional inch is so much gained.

The steamboats, however, do but a very small part of the transportation, especially of anything like bulky articles. This sort of material is carried in barges, several of which are put together in a single tow. These tows are, however, very different from those with which most of our readers are familiar on the Hudson River. Here the tow-boat is placed at the stern of the tow, and acts as a huge rudder to guide the mass of barges in front. The barges are all fastened to each other and to the tow-boat in such a way as to form a compact and rigid mass. None of the barges have rudders, all the steering being done by the boat. As a general rule the boat

sixty millions of bushels go down the river every year. This amounts to more than two million tons. The principal coal shipments for the year are in February, March, April and May, because it is mostly in these months that the river is high enough to let the coal tows go out. The summer is the season for low-water, extending from about July 1st to nearly the middle of November, with one or two spasmodic rises during that period. During the last season, from the middle of May to the middle of November, there was one rise sufficient to take out the coal. This occurred towards the end of July and lasted but three days. From the 11th of September to the 13th of November navigation was wholly suspended, the water being so low that no sort of vessel could run.

The length of the low-water season is the great obstacle to the usefulness of the river as a highway. This acts in two ways. First, a large amount of capital is invested in vessels lying idle and bringing in no compensation; and second, great delays are caused by vessels being run aground while the river is falling, and having to wait until the water rises sufficiently to let them off. Another obstacle is the bars that are found at many points. These are shoal places and bear somewhat the same relation to the river that grades do to a railroad. The capacity of a railroad is that of its steepest grade; the capacity of a river is that of its shortest bar.

For fifty years the Government has given more or less attention to, and spent more or less money for, improving the Ohio. Up to the present time everything done has been of a temporary nature and calculated to afford but little relief. Wing-dams and dikes have been built, and channels around some islands have been closed, diverting the water into the main channel on the other side. These attempts at improvements were carried on as a rule in a desultory sort of way. The sums appropriated by Congress were not sufficient to do any real good. In some cases work had to be begun with appropriations insufficient to finish the structure, which, being left incomplete at the end of one season, would be so injured by the ice and floods of the winter and spring as to make it necessary to rebuild a good part of it during the next summer.

Not until the winter of 1873-74 was anything done that could be said to look towards a permanent system of improvement for the river. At that time a board of engineer officers was organized for the purpose of examining and reporting on an adjustable chute invented by the Hon. Felix R. Brunt, of Pittsburgh. The models and drawings sent to the board were very incomplete, and from this cause it was unable to give an intelligent report on the subject. In the course of the investigation the board was gradually led to the consideration of various systems that had been in use among the French engineers for the past fifty years or more. The work involved in all this was enormous. The accounts and descriptions were contained in various official reports and documents covering many years. All these had to be collected and translated and compared, to try to determine the system best adapted for the purpose. In the spring of 1874 Lieutenant Mahan, of the Corps of Engineers, was especially assigned to this work under the orders of Colonel Merrill. He assisted in the preparation of many articles on this subject.

After careful consideration and a comparison of all the systems then in use in France, so far as any knowledge of them could be obtained from official documents, the board recommended the adoption of the system known as the Chauvine wicket dam. This seemed to offer the best means for a thorough and permanent improvement of the river. This dam is the invention of a very celebrated French engineer, M. Chauvine, and has been in use in France for nearly thirty years. It is composed of a number of sections four feet wide from centre to centre. An interval of four inches is left between the sections. Each section is formed of four principal parts, one being of wood and the others of iron. The wooden part is called the panel, and consists of two heavy upright pieces, or stiles, thirteen feet long, twelve inches wide, and eight inches thick. These form the sides of the panel, and are securely framed together by means of four short, heavy rails. These stiles and rails form the skeleton of the panel, which is completed by having some two-inch planks firmly fastened to the frame. On the back and at the centre of each stile is fastened a cast-iron journal-box, in which are engaged the journals of the first principal piece of iron called the horse. The horse is composed of two upright and four horizontal pieces. Of the latter, the two at the top and bottom project sufficiently beyond the uprights to leave and to be turned down to form a journal; the remaining two are simply riveted to the uprights, and are merely braces or stiffeners. The top horizontal piece, in addition to the two journals at the end, has a third heavy journal in the middle, on which is fastened the second principal of iron called the prop. The journals of the lowest horizontal are each placed in a pillow-block, which is firmly fastened to a sill in the floor of the dam. The horse can revolve about the lower journals, and the panel can swing on the journals at the head of the horse to the fourth iron piece called the rafter.



CALIFORNIA.—VISIT OF PRESIDENT HAYES AND PARTY TO SAN FRANCISCO—THE FLORAL DECORATIONS OF THE PRESIDENT'S PARLOR IN THE PALACE HOTEL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY I. W. TABER.

DAVIS ISLAND DAM.

A GREAT GOVERNMENT WORK AT PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

THE subject of the improvement of our Western rivers has for many years occupied the attention of the General Government. The Mississippi, with its two principal tributaries, the Ohio and the Missouri, forms a system that, for the transportation of products of the central part of the United States, is unequalled. These streams, unlike most of the rivers of the Atlantic coast, have their periods of high and low water extending over greater or less lengths of time, and varying from two or three days to as many months. The Ohio during high water is a mighty river, having at its beginning a breadth of a thousand to twelve hundred feet, with a depth of twenty-five feet or even more, and moving with a velocity of seven or eight miles an hour. Again it is a mere brook, reduced in places to a width of less than two hundred feet and to a depth of less than one foot.

These periods of low water greatly interfere with the value of the river as a highway. Their duration is very uncertain, and frequently, when water is most needed, it stays longest away. Owing to these

steers by backing and throwing herself from side to side in order to let the current act on one side of the tow or on the other, as circumstances may require. There are four classes of barges:

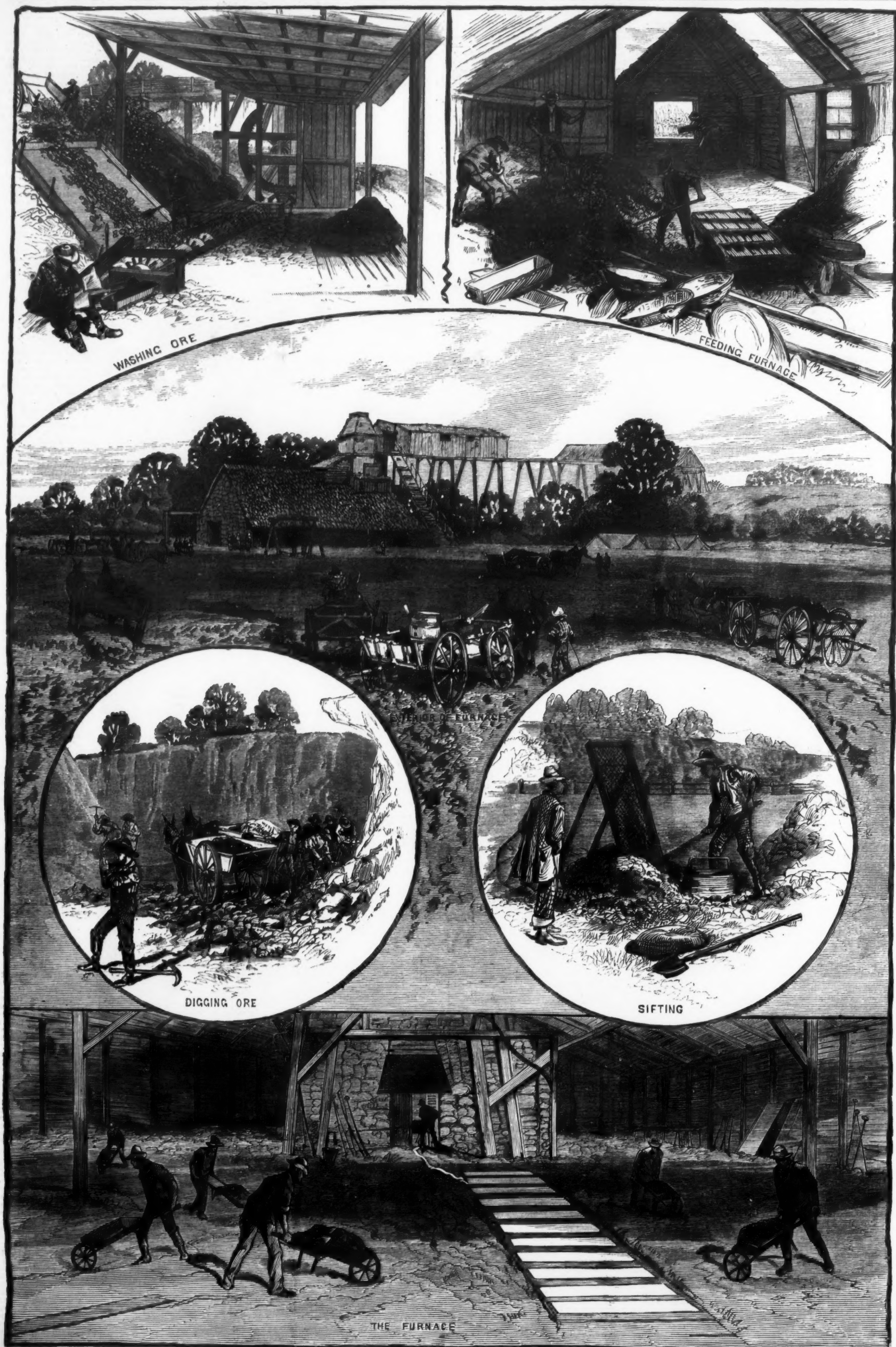
First. The coal barge proper, which is 125 feet long, 25 feet wide and 7 feet deep, drawing, when loaded, about 6 feet. These barges are rectangular in shape, but have a rake at each end so as to make them somewhat easier to tow. These vessels carry about 11,000 bushels, or nearly 425 tons of coal at a time.

Second. The coal-boat, which is 165 feet long, 26 feet wide and 9 feet deep, drawing, when loaded, about 8 feet. These vessels are simply huge boxes built without much strength, and are intended to take out only one load of coal, and then to be broken up at the end of their trip and sold for the timber they contain. They carry about 20,000 bushels, or 770 tons of coal.

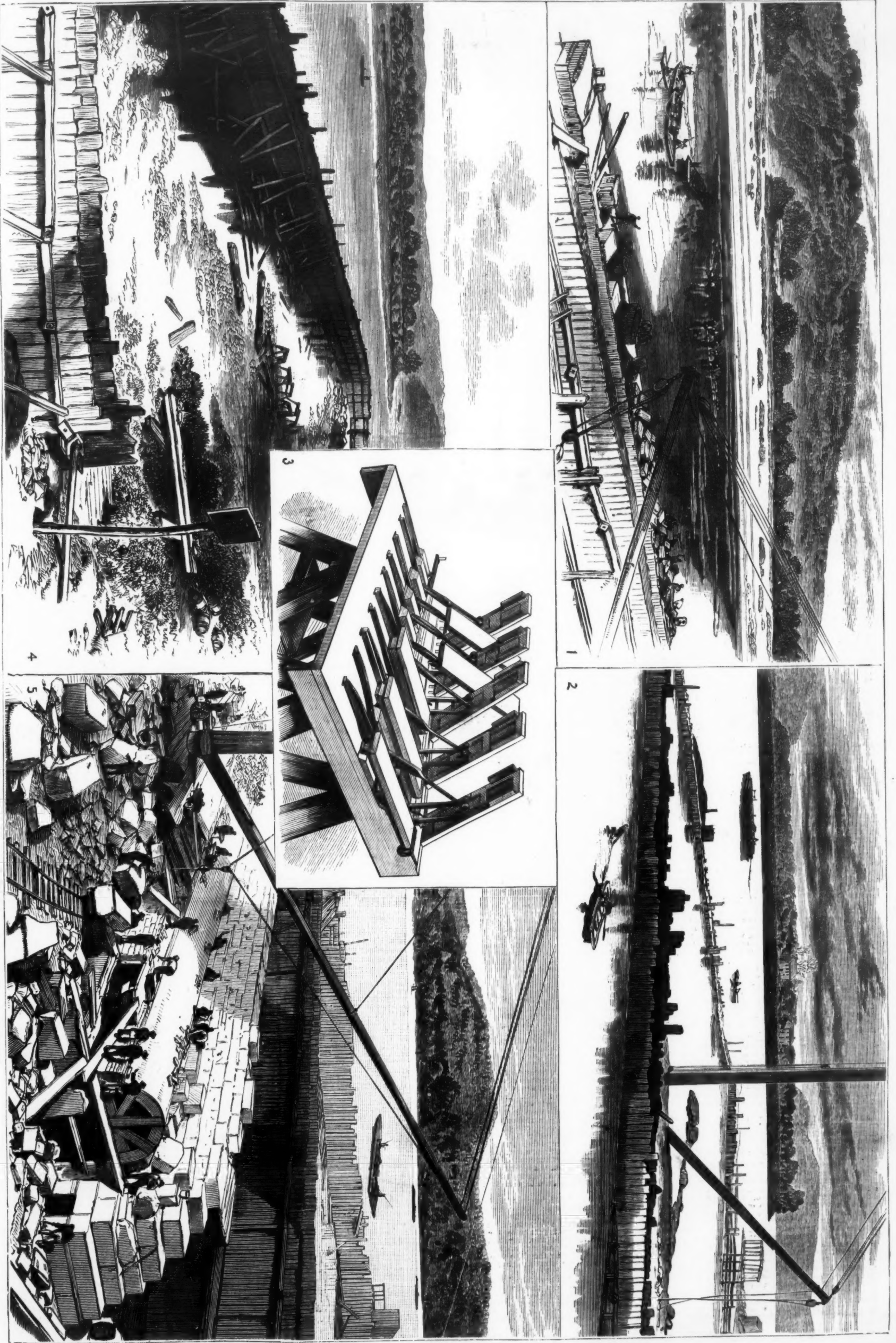
Third. The flat, which is generally 80 feet long by 16 wide by 4 deep.

Fourth. The model barge, shaped somewhat like a canal-boat, from which it differs in this, that it has a bow at each end and tows equally well either way.

The great bulk of the material carried by river from Pittsburgh is bituminous coal. Of this about



TENNESSEE.—OUR NATIONAL INDUSTRIES.—METHODS OF IRON MINING AT CARTER'S FURNACE.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 113.



1. The Ohio during low water. 2. River and Dam during high water. 3. Working Model of the Dam. 4. The Cofferdam for the Land Wall. 5. Constructing the Land Wall. PENNSYLVANIA.—THE NEW GOVERNMENT WORK AT DAVIS ISLAND DAM, PITTSBURGH.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY LIEUTENANT MAHAN, U. S. A.—SEE PAGE 113.



INDIANA.—THE NEW STATE HOUSE AT INDIANAPOLIS.—CORNER-STONE LAID SEPTEMBER 28TH.

This is a heavy step, or shoulder of cast-iron, against which the lower end of the prop rests. The hurter is firmly imbedded in the floor of the dam, and is the support of the entire system. Besides the pieces mentioned above, there are certain secondary parts which are also important for the successful working of the dam. These are the slide and the trip-bar and its appurtenances. The slide is a piece of cast-iron extending beyond the hurter, and so arranged that the prop, when the wicket falls, shall go into a certain position from which it is sure to rise into its proper place in front of the hurter when the wicket is raised. The trip-bar, as its name implies, is used for tripping the props, or, in other words, removing them from the hurters, and thus taking away the support of the wickets, which are then thrown down by the pressure of the water against them. The dam is called movable because it can be either raised or lowered. In the former case it holds the water back in a pool in the same way as a fixed dam, and in the latter, it allows the water to pass over it, leaving the river free to navigation.

For convenience of handling, the dam is divided into three parts: First, the navigable pass; second, the low weir; third, the high weir. Each of these parts has a very firm foundation of masonry, to which are fastened the pillars and other parts that must be held securely in place. The highest point of foundation of the pass is two feet below low water, that of the low weir is at the level of low water, that of the high weir is three feet above low water. A pier is placed between the pass and the low weir and another between the low and high weirs.

With a dam of this sort it is very easy to maintain a constant depth of six feet above low water at the head of the pool. This can be done whether the river be on the rise or on the fall.

Suppose, for example, that the dam is up and the pool filled. News is received that a rise is coming from some of the rivers that enter the Ohio above the dam. The dam-tender knows about when the rise will reach the work, and whether it will be great enough to give six feet above low water or not. He makes his preparations to meet the rise, and gives constant attention to his water gauge. So soon as the river begins to rise at the dam, he opens one or two wickets of the high weir, and, as the water comes up, he opens another and another, until finally the whole weir is opened. If the river still continues to rise, he gradually opens the low weir in the same manner as he did the other. After this the navigable pass is opened if necessary. When the pass is open, vessels drawing six feet can pass the work with perfect safety.

When the rise has passed and the river has fallen a little below six feet, the dam-tender begins to raise the wickets of the navigable pass, and, as the water continues to fall, he gradually raises the wickets of the low weir and afterwards those of the high weir.

In cases of emergency, the whole dam may be thrown down in about ten minutes, but this is very dangerous because it lets loose an enormous volume of water that may do untold damage in the pool below.

As the raising and lowering of the dam depends entirely upon the movements of the river, it can easily be seen that there are times when each operation would be exceedingly slow, and, in fact, one may not be entirely completed before the other would have to be begun.

When the dam is up and the pool formed, there is a great difference of level between the water above the dam and that below. In order to overcome this a lock is needed. The locks of the Ohio have to be adapted to the commerce of the river, and are, therefore, very large. The one belonging to the Davis Island Dam is 600 feet long and 110 feet wide in the clear, giving an area of 66,000 square feet, or a little more than an acre and a half. This lock will allow a tow-boat, ten barges and two flats to pass through at a time. This arrangement is of the utmost importance, because it is a matter of a great deal of time, and therefore of expense, to break up and put together again one of these large tows. In order to make them secure and rigid, the barges have to be firmly lashed together and to the tow-boat with lines and chains. From this some idea can be formed of the amount of time that would be needed to undo all these fastenings, to pass the tow through the lock by two or three barges at a time, and then to assemble it below the lock, as would be necessary were its dimensions less than they are.

On account of the great size of the lock several special features have appeared, and in these it

differs very much from the ordinary canal lock. In the first place the mitre-gates generally used for locks would not answer at all, as they would be too heavy and unwieldy. The one adopted for this lock is best likened to an ordinary Howe truss bridge laid on its side in such a position as to place the bottom chord downstream and the top chord upstream. The deck, or floor, of the bridge forms the face of the gate and prevents the water from passing through. The dimensions of the gate are 118 feet of length, 13 feet 6 inches of breadth, and 15 feet of height. The length is made so great in order that it may have a bearing of four feet on each wall. The recesses, into which the gates must be run when they are put out of the way, are 120 feet long, or two feet more of length than has the gate. The width of the recesses is fifteen feet. As there will frequently be times when for a considerable period the water will stand still in these recesses, a deposit of greater or less amount will be formed. Some means to remove this must be had. The simplest way of doing this is to let the water cut the deposit out. To this end the lock has been so arranged that the water in entering the lock must pass through the upper recess, and in leaving it must pass through the lower recess. The floors of the recesses have a very steep slope from the upstream to the downstream side in order to assist the scouring effect of the water. The head of water acting will never be less than six feet, consequently it will have a great force in passing through the recesses, a force great enough, in all probability, to cut away any ordinary deposit.

Let us now trace the water in its passage from the upper to the lower pool. From the upper pool it goes through the upper gate recess; thence it passes by means of seven openings 4 feet 6 inches in diameter into the filling culvert. This culvert is a large arched subterranean gallery 9 feet wide and 13 feet high to the highest point of the inside of the arch. It lies behind the entire length of the lower wall of the upper recess, and then turning sharp to the right, it follows the land wall for a distance of 250 feet. In the land wall are built ten openings 3 feet wide by 3 feet 6 inches high, through which the water passes from the filling culvert into the lock chamber. From here it passes through the lower recess, and by means of seven openings, exactly similar in size and location to those in the upper recess, into the emptying culvert, whence it passes into the lower pool.

The land wall, including the walls of the gate recesses, has a development of 1,170 feet, and contains about 6,000 yards of masonry. The river wall is nearly 690 feet long, and will contain, when finished, about 4,000 yards of masonry.

The gate, as has been already explained, is an immense structure running on seven pairs of wheels across the lock chamber. As can be easily seen, it will be impossible to move the gate across the lock if there be any current, because if one end of the gate were unsupported the current would have such a leverage against it that it would either be thrown out of its place or be broken. In order to make it possible to move one gate when the other is in its recess, a small movable dam is built across the head of the lock. When a rise comes and it is desired to leave the lock open, one of the gates is removed into its recess under shelter of the other. The small movable dam is then put up. This holds the current back and makes still water below it. The remaining gate is then opened and afterwards the dam is thrown down. In like manner, when the rise goes down the dam is put up, and one of the gates is closed. The dam is then laid down out of the way.

It might be asked, Why cannot the lock-gates be left closed during the rise? The objection to this is because the dock, projecting as it does 130 feet into the river, would cause a very strong set of the current into the right bank just below the lock, and it would be well to avoid this. Again, the scouring effect of the current passing through the lock is very great, and, during the time of a rise the deposits that may form there at other times can be cleared out.

Much opposition has been raised to this work, but it has mainly come from those who do not wish to give up their chances of speculating in coal. The profits in coal are enormous, if the period of low water should extend over a considerable time. For example, the ordinary price for coal in Cincinnati is from 8 to 10 cents a bushel; but last year, on account of the long dry season, it went up to 40 and 50 cents. An advance of 30 cents per bushel on a barge of coal represents a clear profit of \$3,300 for any

dealer who has it on hand. All the large shippers in Pittsburgh have offices in Cincinnati. The number of these shippers is now only about ten or twelve, because, with the river as it is, a very large capital is required to enter the business. After each run of coal these large shippers go to Cincinnati and to other points and make a pool regulating the price of coal. This improvement will make the river navigable during the entire year, and the supply of coal constant. It will also place the small operator on a par with the great, and the coal trade, instead of being speculative, will become a legitimate business.

The coal interest, large as it is, represents but a small part of the value of the commerce of the river. The best data available place the value of the commerce of the Ohio at something more than \$200,000,000 per annum. Of this the value of the coal shipped annually is but three per cent, or \$6,000,000, and yet the large coal-dealers wish to arrest the only improvement that will permanently benefit the entire Ohio Valley. So far they have fought hard and have been defeated. The Government has spent a large amount on this work, and it is not likely to let that go to waste.

THE NEW INDIANA STATE HOUSE.

ON Tuesday, September 28th, the corner-stone of the new State House of Indiana was laid at Indianapolis with appropriate ceremonies, under the auspices of the State officers and State House Commissioners, ex-Governor Hendricks delivering the oration. Our view is from a drawing by Edwin May, the architect, and is in perspective from the northeast corner of Washington and Tennessee Streets, embracing the principal Washington Street facade and every part of the dome, showing in bold relief all the east wing or Tennessee Street front. The building, which will be in the Corinthian style of architecture, will present a massive yet elegant appearance, and will take rank with the finest structures in the West.

The architect's estimate of the cost of the new capitol at the time the Commissioners accepted the plan was \$1,721,911.61, and the experts' estimate \$1,792,791.71. The cost of construction is limited to \$2,000,000 by the State House Act, and the Commissioners requested architects to keep their estimates inside of \$1,800,000.

The dimensions are: South and north fronts, 185 feet; east and west fronts, 492 feet; centre, east to west, 282 feet by 118 feet in width; height of dome, 234 feet; diameter, 72 feet; height of east and west fronts, 100 feet; south and north fronts, 92 feet; first story, 18 feet 6 inches; second story, 19 feet; Representatives' Hall, 48 feet; Senate Chamber, 48 feet; Supreme Court-room, 40 feet; third story, 16 feet 6 inches.

The entire business departments of the State will be on the first floor, which include offices for the Governor, Secretary of State, Auditor of State, Treasurer of State, Attorney-General, Superintendent of Public Instruction, State Board of Agriculture, Clerk of Supreme Court and Adjutant-General. The Representatives' Hall, 70 by 70 feet; court room, 50 feet 6 inches by 57 feet 6 inches; law library, 30 feet 6 inches by 56 feet 8 inches; library, 44 feet by 56 feet 8 inches; and the library, museum and reading-room, are all on the second floor, with numerous necessary ante-chambers, officers' rooms, committee-rooms, water-closets, wash-rooms, etc.

The third story will contain 18 committee-rooms, two joint committee-rooms, public gallery to house seating capacity 236; standing room, 150; ladies' toilet room, two public water-closets, public gallery to Senate Chamber—seating capacity, 408; standing room, 120.

Mr. May's design was selected from a list of twenty-four competitors, by the Board of Commissioners, consisting of James D. Williams, President; John Love, Vice-President; General T. A. Morris, Professor John Collett and Hon. I. D. G. Nelson, who decided only after a four months' critical examination of the competing plans.

PRIMEVAL MAN.

AT the recent meeting of the British Association, Prof. Boyd Dawkins lectured upon "Primeval Man." Professor Dawkins, generalizing from the distribution of the animal remains found in the early tertiary periods, concluded that Europe was

then joined to Africa. The evidence found in the midpliocene period of the existence of the river-drift hunter in France, Italy, Spain, Greece, North Africa, and also in India, brought us, in his opinion, face to face in that period with the primitive condition of human culture, on which, in all probability, all progress had been based. The absence of geographical limitations already referred to would account for the freedom with which the hunter passed to and fro. Subsequently, in the cave-men he found the successors of the river-drift huntermen of much higher type. He gave of their habits the following hypothetical description: They dressed themselves in skins and wore gloves not unlike those worn at the present time. They wore necklaces and armlets, and probably pierced their ears for the reception of ear-rings for ornamentation. They used red raddle, and, indeed, some of the practices of the present time might be looked upon distinctly as being survivals. [Laughter.] The skins with which they clothed themselves they sewed together with bone-needles, and from the sketches they had left behind on bones and pieces of skin and the like, it appeared that they were able to form a distinct idea of the creatures which they hunted, the representations thus left probably being the trophies of the chase. They were fowling and fishermen, and it was evident from the figures of animals which had been discovered that the hunters of these times had great facility in representing forms of animals on bone; but their attempts at representing the human form were rude. They had also left behind them evidence of the art of sculpture. They were ignorant of metals. They had no domestic animals. Apparently they were not in the habit of burying their dead. We were not aware of what sort of physique they had, but there was reason to believe they were most closely related to the Esquimaux. They were wholly different from the river-drift men. The river-drift man was in a state of primeval savagery; the cave-man was of a higher type, but in his turn was wholly inferior to the farmer, herdsman and merchant who followed him. We had this proof of the development of the human race in times before history began, and it occurred to him they had no reason for fixing any limit as to where progress would end, his opinion being that man would go on increasing in knowledge and improving in the arts of civilization until, in perhaps not a very remote future, he would be as superior to the men of 1880 as we were superior to the early hunters and cave-men.

AMERICAN WHEAT IN RUSSIA.

RUSSIAN journalists appear (says the London Telegraph) to be painfully exercised by the announcement that two American steamers, laden with grain, have entered the port of Revel for the purpose of discharging their cargoes, a circumstance hitherto without precedent in the annals of Russian commerce. That Russia would never need to import cereals from foreign countries has heretofore been a firmly established article of popular faith throughout the Czar's dominions. So rapid, however, has been the falling off in productiveness exhibited in the agricultural districts of the Empire that the seemingly impossible has at length come to pass, and Northern Russia is importing wheat from the United States. It is but justice to the Russian press to acknowledge that it has been profuse of warnings with respect to the probable consequences of slovenly and unintelligent farming, persistence in old-fashioned and exploded systems of cultivation, reluctance to invest capital in modern agricultural improvements, absenteeism and other laches which have practically disqualified Russian grain-growers from competing for foreign customs with their transporting rivals. But Russian boyars and peasant farmers alike were so immutably possessed by the conviction that Russia was the predestined granary of Europe that they calmly ignored these salutary admonitions. They are now stricken with amazement and consternation by proof positive, such as is afforded by the importation of American grain into Revel, that the cereal yields of Northern and Central Russia no longer suffice to meet the consumptive requirements of the native population. Germany, too, is giving to America the preference over Russia for what grain she finds it necessary to import from abroad, on the reasonable grounds that the American wheat is at once cheaper and of better quality than the Russian. Russian agriculture is just now at an extremely low ebb, and its future promises to prove even gloomier than the present.